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ORGAN OF THE
DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

1911

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A NATIONAL AND STATE INSTITUTION



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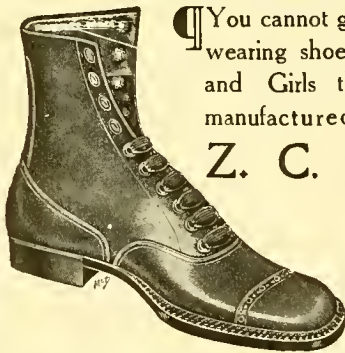
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"THE STILL SMALL VOICE."

By Maud Baggarley.

"For He shall give His angels charge
over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.
They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest
thou dash thy foot against a stone."—
Psalms xci.

O, list to the voice of the prompter!
Take heed to the words he doth say;
As Galahad held the holy Grail
Hold thou the Truth alway.

Stand fast like the hills, unshaken,
Tho' the thumbs of the world turn down;
O, who would barter honor
For a kingdom's jeweled crown?

In the market place, a by-word;
The jest of clowns and kings;
Yet beneath thee the Arms ever-lasting,
About thee, invisible wings.

For hath He not said, the unchanging
Who slumbereth not nor doth sleep,
That thou art never forgotten?
That His angels guard doth keep.

Follow close in the foot-steps of Jesus,
Tho' blood mark the thorny way,
For beyond the Cross and the shadows
Is God, and eternal day.



ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.
[See Story in Kindergarten Department.]

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Vol. XLVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1911.

No. 9.

The Oxen that were Switched.

By John Henry Evans.

This is the story of a mean man, a good woman, and a faithful boy. And a true story it is withal. But the good woman, as always happens when people do that, came out with colors flying, the mean man ran away feeling meaner than ever, and the faithful boy had the strength of a Samson added to his years.

It came about in this way:

Mrs. Smith, her son Joseph, and her brother, were encamped on the edge of a small prairie in Iowa. This was in the fall of the year 1847—sixty-three years ago. Your grandfather would then be a mere boy.

Mrs. Smith was a widow. She was the woman in the case. And Joseph was the boy who figures in this story. The brother, though, was not the mean man. *He* comes in later. If I had my way about it, he should not come in at all. But as this is a true story and as there *was* a bad man, why of course he has to come in. For, in truth, mean men have no business in stories any more than they have anywhere else—except a very hot place you and I have heard about.

As I say, these three persons with two wagons, four oxen, and some horses, were encamped on the edge of a small prairie in Iowa. Iowa was only a Territory then, and there were not many people in that part of the country. In fact, on this particular prairie on that day there was nobody except these three—and the mean man. And for miles and miles around it, as far

as you could see with a spy-glass even if you climbed one of the tallest trees there, you could not on the clearest day see a solitary soul. It was a great lonely place!

But it was not a bad place to look at. Indeed, it was rather pleasant, except for what I am about to relate. If you had had an airship in those days and had made it go slowly along through the air above this country, you would have seen an open space as level as your dining room floor with a fringe of woods all around it, forming a great circle. You would have seen also a creek flowing through a little hollow, made especially for its shining waters, with one place on it growing a large cluster of willows through which you could hardly pass. Then, lastly, you would have noticed, perhaps, a heavy growth of bunch grass all over this open space, and beyond, all around, the great prairie rolling away till it seemed to reach the edge of the sky.

Well, as I have twice remarked, Mrs. Smith and the others were encamped in this circle not far from the creek, but a good way from that thick cluster of willows. Their home was in Winter Quarters on the Missouri, a good way off to the north-west of that place. Winter Quarters, you perhaps know, was where the Saints had decided to stay for the winter of 1847, till they could, in fact, gather with the pioneers in Salt Lake Valley.

Mrs. Smith and her brother and her

son had been to St. Joseph, one hundred and fifty miles from Winter Quarters, to get provisions to keep the family during the cold weather. It was a hard journey; Joseph, only nine years old, acted as teamster in the care of the four oxen. And now they were on their way back, both wagons loaded with good things.

Next morning, as soon as it was light enough to move about, they were up. The air was crisp, for it was October. And presently there was a cheerful fire. The mother hurried to get a few bites to eat, while the others went after the horses and the oxen.

Joseph came back with only *two* oxen, instead of *four*! "Mother," he said, "Tom and Boll 're lost. I can't find 'em anywhere!"

"Can't find them!" echoed Mrs. Smith. It took some time to realize the situation. "Why this is the first time the oxen have ever separated on the trip. Is it possible?"

Yet there were the other two oxen standing there ready for the yoke. Mrs. Smith stared at them as if she expected them any minute to do one of two things: either suddenly to transform themselves into four, or to break their long spell of dumbness and tell her where were their companions. But they did neither; they only stood there in their silent, stupid way wondering why they were not yoked.

Her brother returned presently with the horses. He confirmed Joseph's news.

"You'd better eat a bite before you go to look for them," Mrs. Smith advised.

"No;" the brother objected. "The oxen 're only a little way off, I guess. It is strange, though, for they've never been separated before on the whole trip." He said this more to himself than to the others, and then added to the boy, "Come on, Joseph, let's go and hunt for them."

It was now light enough to see all over the open space in the circle. No oxen were in sight. There was a herd

of cattle, however, about three quarters of a mile away, between where they were and the clump of willows I have spoken of. These cattle were being driven to market, and were here merely for the night.

To these Joseph and his uncle made their way with all speed, feeling sure that here were the lost oxen. They met the Mean Man, who, on horseback, was already slowly urging the cattle on their road to the slaughter pen at St. Louis.

"You haven't seen a yoke of oxen around here, have you?" they inquired. "Red with spotted flanks"—they added.

"Nope," the Mean Man replied, "neither red, with spotted flanks nor spotted, with red flanks!"

And he moved on.

The man and the boy scanned eagerly the herd as it browsed on the rank dry grass.

"Oh, you c'n look at 'em all 'f you want to," the Mean Man said sarcastically. "I ain't been stealin' you're darned old oxen—got plenty enough of my own."

Nothing daunted by the sarcasm, the two did look at every one of the cattle, but to no purpose. Evidently the oxen had not found their way to this herd.

"Well," said Mr. Fielding, "there's nothing to do, Joseph, but to continue the hunt for Tom and Boll. Let me see. You go that way," indicating the half circle of woods that lay on the south, "and I'll take this upper half. Look well through the trees till you can see what's on the other side of them. Keep you're eyes open, Joseph."

Joseph assured him that he would. And the two parted company.

The boy trudged on through the tall, rank grass, wet with dew, making a zigzag trail from side to side of the forest fringe. Sometimes he made a detour to the hollow where the creek ran, sometimes he ascended a knoll outside the circle, and three times he climbed the tallest trees to get a more

favorable outlook. It was a hard and disagreeable hunt. On and on, however, he went, never flagging or thinking of giving up or suffering his alertness to nod.

The truth is, that Joseph was more than a faithful boy. He had courage and honesty and trustworthiness. But he had more than all these—he had the highest degree of integrity. You know, integrity is such a fine thing in man or woman, in boy or girl. And yet it is not so common even as common sense. There was a wholeness about the boy. This is what integrity means. He was like a garment without a seam, like a vessel without a crack. And so he gave this piece of work his whole attention. He had that alertness about him which only boys and men of wholeness of character can give to any task.

He was everlastingly wishing, though, that the oxen would turn up. The hours were passing. He was hungry in the sense that only a boy can be. There was never a hollow but he was sure they were in it, till he looked; never a knoll or a clump of bushes but he felt certain they were behind them, till he found out. Occasionally he saw them, in imagination, making stupidly away from camp as fast as they could, and an angel or one of the three Nephites or maybe the good Spirit compelling them to return. And at such times he looked anxiously towards a given place by the trees where they would make their first reluctant appearance. But they did not come. No miraculous power evidently was to be invoked in his aid. Time sped, hunger gnawed more savagely at his vitals, fatigue grew something deadening. But he kept on till his half circle of the woods was completed. Oxenless, he returned to the camping place, fagged out inexpressibly. As he neared the wagons, he stopped abruptly. There before him was his mother kneeling against one of the wagon wheels, her head bowed in prayer. He remained fixed in his tracks. He was

treading on holy ground. It was a sight that moved him unspeakably. Not that it was unusual for his mother to pray. Prayer was customary in the Smith household. But this—this was different, somehow.

A lump came into his throat, and his eyes grew moist. He knew what she was praying about. Maybe at this very instant her prayer was being answered, and his uncle was finding the oxen.

Presently Mrs. Smith rose from her knees, and the boy came forward.

"We'll find them, Joseph," she said simply. "You'd better eat your breakfast. You must be starving. It's twelve o'clock."

Just then Mr. Fielding came up—also without the oxen and without having seen them. The two sat down disconsolate to eat their breakfast.

"While you two are eating," Mrs. Smith said, "I'll just walk about to see if I can't find Tom and Boll."

"It's positively of no use, Mary," said her brother. "Joseph and I have scoured the woods and the hollows. I'm sure they've been stolen and driven off."

Joseph was of the same opinion as his uncle, but he had great faith in his mother's prayer. He knew she was a woman of great faith. If she asked for anything of the Lord, he was sure she would get it. Inwardly he prayed during the meal that his mother would return with the oxen, and he tried confidently to believe that she would.

"She's going towards that clump of willows near which we searched that herd," was Mr. Fielding's only comment, "but she'll not find 'em there. I looked there myself."

Joseph remained silent.

In the meantime, Mrs. Smith pursued her course straight towards the willows. She walked as if she knew where she was going. There was no hesitation; her step was confident. She was following the stream.

Here is where the Mean Man comes in again. He was approaching the clump of willows, only on the opposite

side of the creek from the one on which Mrs. Smith was. The cattle, however, were no longer in sight. They had gone outside the circle.

When he saw that Mrs. Smith was heading for the willows, he came towards her, but keeping on his own side of the stream.

"Hey there, Missus," he exclaimed, "your oxen ain't that away!"

Mrs. Smith paid no heed to his words. She walked straight on without looking at him.

Then the Mean Man rode back with her a few paces, jesticulating like a wild man and crying out that he had seen the oxen only a moment ago in the very opposite direction to the one she was taking.

But she said not a word. On she went, as the crow flies, towards the willows.

And what do you think the Mean Man did? Why, he did exactly what mean men always do—he took to his

cowardly heels, or rather, he made the horse take to *his* heels, as fast as ever horse carried a thieving rogue. Nor did he stop till he got out of the woods and was with his fellow herdsman, who could protect him from this lone woman!

As for Mrs. Smith, she pushed her way laboriously into the very heart of those willows. There she found old Tom and Boll with willow switches around their necks, switches around their tails, and switches around their legs, till they were the most thoroughly beswitched pair of oxen that ever any one saw! They could scarcely move for switches.

The strangest part of it all is, that Mrs. Smith was not in the least surprised at finding them there. Indeed, she would have been astonished *not* to have found them.

So with the very switches that had been meant for other and mean hands to untie, she drove them to the wagons!

BABY CORN.

A happy mother-stalk of corn
Held close a baby ear,
And whispered: "Cuddle up to me,
I'll keep you warm, my dear.
I'll give you petticoats of green,
With many a tuck and fold
To let out daily as you grow;
For you will soon be old."

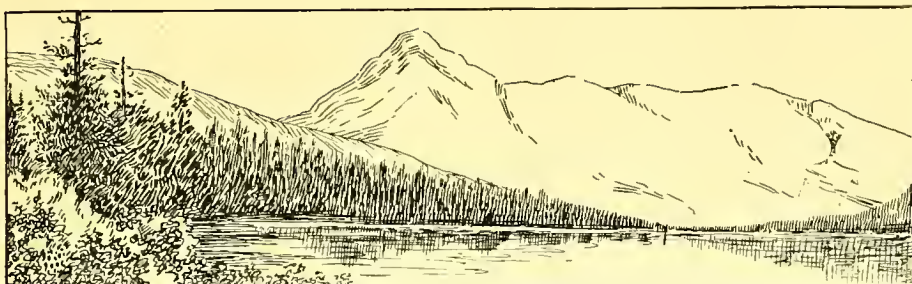
A funny little baby, that,
For though it had no eye,
It had a hundred mouths; 'twas well
It did not want to cry.
The mother put in each small mouth
A hollow thread of silk,
Through which the sun and rain and air
Provided baby's milk.

The petticoats were gathered close
Where all the threadlets hung.
And still as summer days went on
To mother-stalk it clung;
And all the time it grew and grew—
Each kernel drank the milk
By day, by night, in shade, in sun,
From its own thread of silk.

And each grew strong and full and round
And each was shining white;
The gores and seams were all let out,
The green skirts fitted tight,
The ear stood straight and large and tall,
And when it saw the sun,
Held up its emerald satin gown
To say: "Your work is done."

"You're old enough," said Mother
Stalk,

"And now there's no more room
For you to grow." She tied the threads
Into a soft brown plume—
It floated out upon the breeze
To greet the dewy morn,
And then the baby said: "Now I'm
A full-grown ear of corn!"



Piney Ridge Cottage.

The Love Story of a "Mormon" Country Girl.

By Nephí Anderson.

SYNOPSIS OF FOREGOING CHAPTERS.

Julia Elston lived with her father at Piney-Ridge Cottage, a small farmhouse situated near a spring of water at the base of the mountains. All around lay the desert. Here this girl grew up, tutored by her well-read father and the district schools.

Some time after her graduation from the grades she is asked to teach the summer term of the district school. Though timid, she accepts, and has some trying but interesting experiences both with the children and the somewhat ignorant school-trustees.

Chester Lawrence, a young man from the East, comes to "spy out the land" about Piney Ridge Cottage. He has a conversation with Julia, then he writes the results of his findings to his mother. Wishing to become better acquainted with Julia and her father, especially Julia, he attends with them Sunday School and meeting. He hears "Mormonism" and is favorably impressed.

Julia now perceives that there is something untold to her between her father and Mr. Lawrence. She speaks to her father about it, and he tells her the story of his early life—that he had been married before, which she knew; that his first wife had left him years ago because she was jealous of her mother; and that Chester Lawrence was the son of his former wife by an unknown father.

As Julia is riding across the mountains to get the threshers to come to Piney Ridge, she meets Chester Lawrence, who is mining on "Old Thunder" mountain. Together they ride to Rock Creek. The next day they go back, she visiting with him his mine on the way. They talk on many topics, while together. He draws from her her knowledge of books, her views of life, and especially her religious belief; and as she talks in her simple,

unpretentious way, the young man is intensely interested, both in the girl herself and in what she says. As they part that day, he asks her if he may call at Piney Ridge Cottage. He wishes, he says, to be more in her company, for she helps him—"It is easy to be good where you are," he says.

The young man from the East again visits the Sunday School and the service, after which he is invited by Mr. Elston to accompany him to Piney Ridge Cottage. Another young man also rides out with them—Glen Curtis, a school teacher and friend of Julia's from childhood. The two young men enjoy a well-cooked dinner, prepared and served by Julia. Their spirits are alternately high and low as Julia's attention is directed first to one and then to the other. Glen gives up hope, and goes away disheartened. That evening when father and daughter are alone, they have a plain heart to heart talk on Julia's position and her relationship to the two young men.

The next day the threshers come to Piney Ridge Cottage. Glen and Chester help in the threshing, and Julia cooks a big threshers' meal. Chester, especially, is much interested in the novel scene. After the hard day's work is over, Julia brings a letter to her father. It has the "Box B" stamp on it, and within is a call for Hugh Elston to go on a mission to Great Britain.

XII.

On a Friday evening late in September, a farewell party was given Hugh Elston in the Piney Ridge school house. Neighbors for ten miles around were present, for Hugh Elston was well known and well liked by "Mormon, Jew, and Gentile."

The people began to gather late in

the afternoon, because the program was to begin at "early candle light." The thoughtful farmer came in his farm wagon, in which he could bring hay for his horses; and if the night proved very cold, he blanketed them. A few would-be cow boys rode in big saddles and many trappings, tied their horses to a post, where they stood uncared for half the night. By dusk the camp yard around the school house was filled with horses and vehicles. The lamps were lighted within, and the crowd flocked into the house. It had been three years since a missionary had been given a farewell from that part. None missed such gatherings. Many friendly "outsiders" came, while some church members who couldn't quite see the advisability of attending the usual church services, thought it was their "bounden duty" to be present at all gatherings of a social character. A brother sat near the door by a table. In his keeping was a box with a slit in the lid, into which those who entered could drop their contributions. These ranged from the little girl's nickel to the big dollar which made a rattle in the fast-growing coin pile. About every third man, woman and child who entered, carried a basket, a small box, or a bundle. These were deposited in any handy and safe place—in the corners, in the windows, or on the lids of the seats. This was the picnic.

The guest of honor arrived just before the program was to begin. With him was Julia, arrayed in her best and looking her best, too. To the astonishment of some, to the wonder of others, and to the painful humiliation of one, Chester Lawrence followed closely with the basket as if he were one of the Elston family. At the door he gave the basket to Julia, who went up in front with her father, he finding a seat near the door. There were much whispering and craning of necks to catch sight of Julia in her new dress and hat, and "that tony feller from the East."

At this time in the history of Piney Ridge there was no ward organization. Brother Petersen was the presiding elder, and he it was who mounted the platform, called the meeting to order, and announced the numbers on the program. First there was congregational singing, then prayer, following which came duets, solos, recitations, instrumental music, and short speeches by prominent members of the community. These spoke of the good neighbor and upright man, Brother Hugh Elston, and how they would miss him. "Brother Elston is present, and I want him to hear my opinion of him," said one brother. "I don't believe in waiting until one is dead to speak of his good qualities. I may not care what you say over my dead body—I may not be there to hear—but if you have any good thing to say of me, tell it to me now. That's what I believe in, Brother Elston."

The songs were good and bad. Some excellent voices there were, needing only training. One girl's song was simply a nerve-racking nasal screech—but there were no severe critics present, and all the program was enjoyed, even to the long-drawn-out recitation repeated in a sing-song manner.

Brother Binks had his turn between two of the song numbers. Brother Binks always spoke at all social gatherings. It would be hard to imagine what would happen—to Brother Binks—if he were slighted. This brother was held in great honor—and rightly so—because he had crossed the plains in early days with one of the hand-cart companies, and he always took great delight in telling how he had pulled his hand-cart from the Missouri river to the Valley. Yes, he had done this valiant deed—and then (this, of course, he never mentioned, but it is the truth, nevertheless) he had done nothing ever since. The brother by the contribution box at the door had tried to guess by the noise it made whether the coin Brother Binks had dropped in was a quarter or a dime.

He inclined to think it was the latter.

Then the departing missionary had to speak. He expressed his pleasure and appreciation of his friends' presence, and hoped to meet them all again on his return.

After the program the desks were moved about, boards were placed on them to form tables, on which were spread table cloths. The picnic was then opened and placed thereon. Seats were drawn up to the long table, and everybody found places. Brother Elston sat at the head with Julia near him. A blessing was asked, and then the rattle and chatter of a busy crowd mingled with the eating.

"Sister Jensen," asked Hugh Elston, "did you bring some apple-cake?"

"Yes; it's here," replied the Danish sister whose cooking of dainties was a feature of all such gatherings. "Do you want some now?"

"Not until after I finish my chicken, but I thought I'd make my chance sure. You know, I'll not get any such apple-cake as you make out in the mission field."

"No; they live on weak tea and thin slices of bread and butter," remarked one who had been on a mission to England, but couldn't stand the English climate.

"That's habout has good as your yella, hot, soda biscuits, an' fried bacon has you yankees heats," replied a Britisher loyally.

"Ear, ear!" shouted another from the end of the table.

"Please pass the pickles."

Thus the fun ran up and down, over and across; for in that company were Yankees from New England, Southerners from Florida, and those who had lived all their lives in "the wild and woolly West." There were Danes, Swedes, Germans, Irish, two from Australia, and one from far-off Iceland. Thus this mixture of races, strong and simple-lived men and women, were subduing the desert and being knit together into one great body by the opportunities of this land of lib-

erty and the operations of the Spirit of God found in the Church to which they belonged. These and their children were becoming one nation on the mountains of Israel, faithful to the truth, strong in the defense of the right.

After the eating, the tables were cleared away and most of the desks were carried outside. The long benches were placed along the walls, the floor was swept, and while the fiddlers were tuning up, two young men scattered the fine cuttings from wax candles over the floor. Two violins and the organ composed the orchestra.

"Choose your partners for a plain quadrille," shouted the floor manager.

It was in order for Brother Elston to lead out. So with Julia on his arm he stepped in front of the platform to begin the first set, which was soon filled.

"Two more couples wanted this way. One more couple wanted. All set."

Hugh Elston could manage in some way the plain quadrille; but he was no dancer, so he handed Julia over to the host of would-be partners. It was first come, first served, and there was sometimes quite a scramble. Chester was keenly interested in it all, but he did not ask Julia for a dance. He would have greatly enjoyed it, but he thought it wiser not to do so. Glen, too, hung back. He did not feel like joining in the rush with the other boys. He danced once, then he, too, looked on. Julia was having a jolly time to all appearances. Why should he "butt in."

A few of the older people now went home, but most of the company remained to look on, even if they did not dance. These sat in the corner, out of the way of the swinging young people, and talked—yes, and gossiped a little:

"Why didn't Julia's 'feller' dance? Perhaps he's a Methodist or some such sect that thinks it a sin to dance. Perhaps—but then, we mustn't judge. He looks a decent sort of chap. * * * Yes; he's a wise one: getting on the

best side of the old man. * * * What's the matter with Glen Curtis tonight? Cut out! Pshaw, that dude cut him out! Julia's too sensible; besides he's an outsider. She wouldn't think o' such a thing. * * Don't be too sure. Sometimes the *best* girls will do the *worst* things. You never can tell. * * * What's Julia goin' to do while her father's away? She's goin' to live in Salt Lake with an Aunt Jane, and go to school—learn to be a teacher. The superintendent said she is a natural teacher, and he wants her to study some along that line, so she can take the examination. * * * Well, I'll declare, look at Jim Bates. Quite sporty, ain't he? He's smilin' sweet on Julia; but it's no use, Jim. * * * Brother Elston's a little old to go on a mission, but he's well and strong, an' he says he's been waitin' for it all his life. I do hope Julia will get along. I don't see how she can stand to leave that lovely home of her's—she won't find any such a place in the city. * * Too much noise an' racket down there for me. Why las' time I was to Conference, I was nearly run over by one of them nasty-smellin' automobiles. I just think it's awful. * * See how Susie's dress hangs. She'd much better had made it herself than have let that dressmaker at Croft do it. I don't care for this new fangled style, anyway. * * Did you get some of my pie? You didn't! Well, that's too bad. I wanted you to taste it. But my pies always are gobbled up as quick as a wink. I never get a piece myself. Yes, your cake was just dandy. I made a failure with mine. I opened the oven door just at the wrong time, an' it fell as flat as a pancake."

The first violinist worked hand and foot diligently, the second scraped faithfully his bow over the responsive strings, the organ bellowed forth in chords more or less tuneful. The young dancers warmed up to their work, while fathers and mothers looked on amid their gossip. The

smaller children, becoming tired and sleepy, struggled to keep awake, but at last had to give up, and sprawled on the seats. The babies were tucked in a bed of blankets in the corners away from draughts, where they slept peacefully amid the noise.

Towards eleven o'clock there came a pause in the dancing to give the musicians a rest, and permit the floor to be swept and given another sprinkling of candle. This intermission was filled in by a song by one of the girls, who had been on the program but had come in too late for her number. The dancers fanned themselves vigorously, and some of the unthoughtful went out into the night air to cool off. Then the music started again, and the dance continued.

Glen Curtis had given away more and more to the spirit of despondency which was upon him, until he now sat a morose and silent looker-on. He had not asked Julia for a dance, nor would he now—not he. The wail of the fiddles sounded deep in his heart and found an echo there. Music to the glad, makes a gladder heart; to the sad, gives depth to the sadness. Music accentuates the state of mind, whether that be evil or whether it be good. Music, like knowledge, is a power for good or evil. Saints sing and play to praise and give glory to God; the tempter entices the feet of the unwary, leading them down to hell by the captivating spell of her music.

Glen had traveled a long way to be at this farewell party. He had pictured a good time with Julia and he had even wondered whether or not he could resist telling her he loved her; but from the first he had been disappointed. Her entrance with Chester had cast a gloom over his sensitive spirit, and he had not been able to throw it off.

At the close of a dance, Julia flushed and warm, came up to Glen, and seated herself by him. "I simply can't dance the next time," she pouted. "I'm tired out; but if I stay in the room

someone will ask me. I'd like to go out a minute."

"Shall I go with you?" asked Glen.

"Yes, please."

"You must have a wrap; it's cold outside." He fetched a shawl which she threw over her shoulders. Then they slipped out by the back door.

The night was clear and cold. The stars shone from a perfect sky. There was no moon, so all the light was starlight.

"What a beautiful night!" exclaimed Julia, looking up to the stars.

"Yes; it is." They walked out from among the wagons down the road.

"What is the matter with you tonight, Glen?"

"Nothing the matter with me."

"Then why haven't you asked me to dance with you?"

"You have been having a good time with your partner, haven't you?"

"My partner! I came with father, and he has danced with me once."

"I thought Chester Lawrence was your partner. You came with him."

"He came with us from home. That's why we came together. *He* hasn't danced with me once, either."

They stood now by the fence, Julia leaning her arms on the top pole. Glen came near. "Julia, who is this man, Chester Lawrence, and what is he to you?"

The girl looked at him, a little annoyed at his manner. She drew her shawl close around her shoulders, but did not answer.

"Who is he, Julia?"

"He is a friend of father's."

"And of yours?"

"Of course. Father's friends are mine."

"He is an outsider, a stranger, and —." He was about to accuse her of thinking more of him than of her life-long friend, but he checked himself. "I think you ought to be careful."

"He is simply a friend, and that's how I treat him."

"First he was interested in land,

then he was a miner; but I think his chief concern is you."

"Glen, how you talk! He has been a perfect gentleman to me."

"Certainly; that's the way they do it. We clod-hopping country boys aren't in it when an Eastern dude comes along."

"Glen, I want to go back. Let's go. It's cold out here."

"All right." He pulled her wrap close about her with tender touch. Was this the end then—the end of all his dreams? He wanted to say so much to her, but his heart seemed to choke him, so he could not speak. Poor, sensitive boy, he was just entering life, but he did not know it; he thought he had come to the end of everything worth while.

"There; are you cold?" he asked. "I'll go to the door, but I'll not go in. I'm going home."

"Nonsense, Glen; you're going in and dance with me. It isn't fair."

"No; not now. I can't—I—I—well, I've felt so bad all evening. I'm silly, I guess, but I can't help it."

"I don't understand you, Glen. You haven't acted like this before."

"No; but it isn't that I haven't felt like it. * * Julia." But the throbbing heart was in the way.

They walked back silently. The lights gleamed from the windows. The sound of music and dancing rose and fell as doors were opened and closed. Some were hitching their horses to the wagon, preparatory to bundling in the family for home.

"When are you going to Salt Lake?" asked he.

"Father goes next week, and I'm going with him. * * Can't you stay over Sunday? Come and see us then."

"Not very well. You see, I got off all day today to come up here, and I'll have to be back to school Monday morning. I'd like to visit with you Sunday. Perhaps—"

"Do, Glen. Won't you come in now?"

"Just a minute. Will Mr. Lawrence

be at Piney Ridge Cottage Sunday?"

"Yes; I heard father ask him. He is just going east again, and this is to be a sort of good-by visit, I understand."

"Then I'll be in the way. I'll not come. I'll say *my* good-by now."

They paused by the door of the schoolhouse, then stepped to one side out of the way and the light. The young man with a desperate effort got rid of the choking lump in his throat long enough to say:

"Julia, I thought I would have a good chance to tell you how dear you are to me—how much I love you—but —." He took her hands—both of them and felt her shiver. "You are cold. You must go in." He led her to the door, opened it and pushed her gently in. Then he turned, hurried out to his horse, and was soon galloping down the dark road under the gleaming stars.

XIII.

Hugh Elston let Piney Ridge to a newly married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ross—on conditions that they would take good care of the house, and not permit the shrubbery and the grass to die out in the garden. They were also to keep alive and growing the trees at the little graveyard. The fields and the orchard, the young farmer could be trusted to take care of, for in them lay his own living and the means whereby to pay his rent; but special provisions, Mr. Elston knew, would have to be made for the bits of ornamentation and sentimental luxury which were dear to the owners, or they would surely be neglected.

Julia contemplated her home-leaving with varied emotions. Piney Ridge had always been home to her. Here she had been born, here she had lived with nature in its beauty and wildness, here her world had centered. Her room over-looking the garden, the big broad valley, and then the evening sun, was the cosy nest of that home;

and a little pain troubled her heart when she thought of leaving it. But then, she would now see a little of the world; she would get out among people, and have a change from the monotonous sameness of her country life. So there was an eager expectancy mingled with the regret of leaving.

A neighbor with his farm wagon took Julia and her father with their baggage to the station at Croft, where they boarded the train early one morning. They arrived in Salt Lake City the same afternoon. The view from the car window interested Julia as they sped past great stretches of green fields, towns and villages. She was glad that she was not alone in the noisy station at Salt Lake. The crowds of hurrying people, the moving trains and trucks, and especially the mad shouting of bus and carriage drivers would have bewildered the girl. It was conference time, and the crowds had already begun to come. Her father arranged for the care of the baggage, and then they boarded a street car up into the city, thence to Aunt Jane's.

Aunt Jane Borden had been a widow for ten years. She had two daughters, Rose, nineteen, and Marcie, twenty-two. These worked in a downtown store, one as a clerk, the other as a stenographer. Aunt Jane received her guests warmly, took Julia's hat and wraps, and directed her father to hang his hat and coat in the hall. Aunt Jane was a marvel at talking. Words, words, words came from her lips as continuously and as easily as a stream gliding endlessly by. She greeted you at the gate, and from that moment there was a continuous stream of talk until you closed the gate for departure. Then she followed you on to the sidewalk, and sometimes you could hear her until you turned the corner.

This good woman seemed a strange person to the quiet, reticent and somewhat backward Julia. The girl sat and listened in wrapt amazement, wondering when the talker would get to the end of her subject, and what she would

say afterwards; but there never was any lack of words, and she switched so easily from one subject to another that the break was not noticeable. Aunt Jane, however, was hardly ever still, for she had many household duties to do. Words were not her only stock in trade, by any means.

"Well, well," she said, "and so Hugh, you are going on that long expected mission at last. I knew it was coming. I knew you would never escape. My husband filled his mission when he was much younger than you, but you're not very old yet—not too old, anyway." She was setting the table, so she journeyed back and forth between the dining room and the kitchen, but the talk kept right on. She simply raised her voice when she was in the kitchen and raised it a bit louder when she disappeared in the pantry. "Well, I'm glad to see you looking so well. And Julia—she's quite a woman. My, how children grow! My daughter Rose is nineteen—how old are you now? Going on twenty—we'll you're a bit older than Rose, as I might have remembered; but as I was saying, Rose is a big girl, bigger than her sister Marcie. But then, Marcie hasn't been well. She's always been a sickly girl, and I don't know how much longer she can stand it at the office. It's hard on a girl to sit all day in an office pounding on a typewriter. Julia here, is just about the size of Marcie, but my, the difference in color! You are as brown as a nut, but you'll see yourself how pale Marcie is. I'll bet you can ride horses, milk cows, and do all sorts of hard work. Why, my girls can't do anything but ride back and forth on the street cars, Marcie to her typewriter and Rose to the ribbon counter. I told them, the other day, they ought to have taken your invitation to visit each summer at Piney Ridge, but they've always said they couldn't afford a vacation.—You don't drink tea, I suppose. I have it in the house, because sometimes we have visitors who use it. And then the girls

have the headache so often which they declare can only be helped by a cup of tea. I think we ought to be careful not to have such things become habitual with us, for there is Mary Jenkins—you remember her—she was the girl that married Tom Schoolman, a cousin of my father's first wife.—She went out to Idaho years ago, and I haven't heard of her for a long time. We were kind o' chummy when we were girls down in Altone." Aunt Jane went into the basement for a jar of fruit, but as she left the door open she could be heard quite distinctly. She took the fruit into the kitchen, and then there was a pause.

"Hugh, you'll have to help me with this lid. I can't get it off."

Mr. Elston went to her assistance. The thread of her discourse was broken because just then the two girls came in and were introduced to Julia and her father.

That same evening there was to be a big concert in the Tabernacle. The three girls and Mr. Elston went. What a rattle of street cars and glare of electric lights! and what crowds of people, surging through the big gates, and into the Tabernacle! It was all new and strange and interesting to Julia. The two girls chatted pleasantly to her, but she was so absorbed by the sights that she did not carry on her part of the conversation very successfully. Inside the Tabernacle, she looked around in silent amazement at the immense curved ceiling, the mass of people, the great organ and the choir sitting around it. "My," she at last said, "what a lot of people, and how big everything is!"

Then the noise made by five thousand talking people subsided, changed to a subdued hum as an ocean of voices, and then all but ceased as the conductor took his position and raised his hands. Then the organ thundered out, and the five hundred singers arose, and burst into song. Julia sat spell-bound until the number was over, then she sank back into her seat with a sigh

as if she had been holding her breath.

Listen! The sea of faces vanish. Everything is still. The soft murmur may be only the breeze playing with the topmost branches of the pines. Away off from a distance comes the clear call as of a bird. Then again. The sky is blue above and all around Old Thunder. The call comes from away out in space beyond the mountain. Another bird is added, then another until there are a thousand all singing in chorus. Then the whistle of a flute joins the birds, and they come on nearer and nearer, piping together. More fluters are heard stepping in time and growing in volume, until the air is full of sweet, stirring melody. Then from some unseen, unknown region a chorus of angelic voices joins, and a song of praise swells out into all the world. Louder and louder grows the music—then it changes. The sweet voiced songsters cease, the flutes are silent. A deeper tone wells up, gathering speed and volume. Faint echoes of thunder race in from the distance. Nearer they come, and more frequent. Crash! or is it the rhythmical tread of ten thousand men? How the great organ bellows forth! The building trembles as peal after peal of thunderous music rolls along. Then at the great climax when it seems as if the whole world is one volume of sound, it suddenly ceases, its echoes for a moment reverberating away into the distance. There is silence for a few moments, but Julia is still enveloped in the music. Once again the organ plays. It is as if the great golden gates of heaven were opened, and soft, soul-filling music of the celestial kingdom comes streaming out to earth. Julia is carried away into another world of thought and feeling. What is this? Her heart burns within her, yet not of pain, but of an exquisite sweetness akin to sadness. The organ ceases, and Julia comes to earth again by hearing Rose say, "That was Lemare's *Andantino*."

There were more choruses by the

big choir, and soloists whose single voices filled the vast space under the roof. It was all wonderfully strange and beautiful to the girl who had never heard such things before, but who could somewhat enter into and understand the music by an intuition kept nicely sensitive by her studious life amid her native mountains.

It was hard for Julia to sleep that night. She was given a small upstairs bedroom next the girls', so she was not lonely, even though she felt strange. It was late before she got into bed, so she closed her eyes and tried to go to sleep; but as everyone knows, to try to sleep is the surest way to keep awake. The street cars made a terrible noise. As she lay there listening, she could hear them rumbling in the distance, then coming nearer, until it seemed that some tremendous onrushing demon would demolish the house. The house trembled as the cars went by, and then she was reminded of the great organ, the choir, and the wonderful singers.

Well, here she was at last in the city. How would she like it? If her father could only remain! but he was to leave in a few days; and then she would be alone. She felt it already even by thinking about it. What were they doing back at Piney Ridge? She hoped its new occupants would not disturb her things that she had carefully packed away in the upstairs closet. Then there was the garden and the flowers—yes, and the graves—the tears flowed softly on the pillow.—Even old Bossy, the cow, came to the girl who was far away from the green spot in the desert of sagebrush. That desert had not called vigorously yet, but it was beckoning even now. Gracious, that car sounded like a close peal of thunder! Where was Glen? She was going to get his address and write to him. His words uttered by the schoolhouse door in all earnestness came to her again. He loved her—he had said so, and then had gone his way. What would she have said

had he remained and forced her to speak? But Glen was not that kind of boy. He would not knowingly intrude. He would keep away if he had the least idea he was not welcome. But had she given him any cause to think his company was not wanted? Not that she knew. Perhaps, he was jealous of Chester; but then Chester was

so different. They had had long talks and they had freely discussed many subjects, even bordering on the very delicate one of love and marriage. Chester was wise on these things, she could tell. * * Was that another car or was it the organ? Oh, she was tired!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Arab and His Religion.

By J. M. Tanner.

VIII. CONCLUSION.

Mohammed was wont to say that prayer is the pillar of religion, the key of Paradise. That which is first to impress the stranger in the land of the Mohammedan is the universal and punctilious attention to prayer. Whether the Moslem is working in the field, upon the street, on board a ship, or in a shop he drops upon his knees, bends his forehead over to the earth and utters the first chapter of the Koran, the chapter of prayer. It is quite natural that in the speculations of an inquiring mind the question of sincerity and heartfelt devotion should arise.

It may be of interest to the reader to compare the prayer submitted by Mohammed with a prayer which the Master offered to His disciples as an example:

"In the name of the most merciful God.

"Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures, the most merciful, the King of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been most gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray."

There will be noticed in this supplication, sentiment of the deepest reverence and especially an appeal to the mercy of heaven. There is something peculiar in the Arab mind and in the

teachings of the Koran about the belief in God's mercy. I have sat by the side of an Arab in the evening after the burning heat of a hot summer's day and enjoyed the refreshing coolness of the night. I have heard the Arab in conversation and have listened to those peculiar wonderments which occupy his mind whenever he reflects. No matter what may have been the circumstances of the day preceding, no matter what disappointments may have overtaken him, he almost involuntarily concludes that "after all God is merciful."

Five times each day the Mohammedan prostrates himself in prayer, first, just after dawn; second, immediately after high-noon; third, two hours before sunset; fourth, sunset; fifth, two hours after sunset. In the early morning call the priest ascends a minaret, one of those slender columns of stone so common in oriental lands, and calls the faithful to prayer. In some places the call is made at every period of prayer during the day. Sometimes it is made but twice a day. I have often thought, especially in the city of Constantinople, that the Mohammedan had a real grievance against those Christians who persist in ringing their bells at the very moment the Muzzein is calling from the top of the minaret the faithful to prayer. The bells wholly drown his voice and the bells are often kept ringing so long that the priest has no

opportunity to make his call to the faithful. What does this man say who chants in a monotone the reminder that all faithful followers of Mohammed should bow in prayer? It is generally in Arabic and runs as follows: "God is most great. God is most great. God is most great. I testify that there is no god but God. I testify there is no god but God. I testify that Mohammed is an Apostle of God. Come to prayer. Come to prayer. Come to prosperity. Come to

prosperity. God is most great. God is most great. There is no god but God." Another peculiarity about the Mohammedan prayer is the manner in which the faithful always turn their faces to the city of Mecca. I have often noticed on board a ship the Mohammedan always approached the captain or some intelligent-appearing passenger and asked which direction Mecca was in. Sometimes well-to-do Mohammedans carry with them a little pocket compass that they may be



THE ARAB.

directed in their prayers. According to their belief a prayer that is not thus properly rendered with the head turned to Mecca is of no avail; and when they discover their mistake, if they have made one, they drop down and repeat their prayer all over.

The question is sometimes asked: "What is the effect of a Mohammedan prayer upon the moral quality of his life?" I know there are writers who treat this peculiarity of Moslem worship as a habit rather than as a devotion. They contend that the effect of prayer upon his mind is quite different from the effect that prayer has upon the mind of a Christian. I could never adopt that view as in any sense satisfactory. I am led to believe from my observation and conversation with Arabs, Turks, and other Mohammedans that prayer is a most potent feature in a Mohammedan's worship. I am well aware that marauding, rob-

bing Arabs of the desert, after committing acts of violence, after stealing, plundering, robbing, will prostrate themselves in prayer. Such a practice, however, is not wholly foreign to the practice of some Christians.

In my boyhood I knew an old painter who was a notorious trunk thief. He was most skilful in handling all kinds of locks. It was always his practice before looting a trunk of its contents to drop upon his knees in prayer. One thing is certain, that the Mohammedan is much more given to prayer than the Christian. In business he is more honest and is wonderfully generous in the matter of hospitality. He drinks no intoxicating liquors and leads as a rule a more virtuous life than is found generally in the Christian world. I believe, too, that much of the success in the spread of Islam is due to its example and teachings with respect to prayer.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time, so many things I'll do
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care,
I'll help to lift them from their low despair,
When I have time.

When I have time, the friend I love so well
Shall know no more the weary, toiling days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always,
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise,
When I have time.

When you have time the friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent,
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,
When you had time.

Now is the time. Ah, friend, no longer wait
To scatter loving smiles and words, or cheer,
To those around whose lives are now so dear,
That may not meet you in the coming year.
Now is the time.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

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SALT LAKE CITY, - SEPTEMBER, 1911

Conscientious Work.

To be true to self, to perform the duties of any position that we have accepted, as our conscience dictates; to perform them to the best of our ability, in humility, and with a desire for the guidance of the Holy Spirit, is what I conceive to be conscientiousness in work.

Every position, every responsibility, be it small or great, brings with it duties which are self-evident. In the position of Sunday School teacher are duties such as meetings, attendance at Sunday School, preparation, and technicalities connected with the work. But besides these duties there is one higher, an obligation that affects life more, a duty of attitude of mind toward the thing to be done, a willingness to do, a love for the doing that

gives life and color to effort. Without this incentive there can be no conscientious performance of duty. It may be a performance in the letter, but the spirit, that "quickeneth and giveth life," is absent. Duties so performed will not be performed long in the letter even, because they will become so irksome that by and by any trivial matter will be allowed to interfere.

One of the first duties in any work is the right attitude of mind toward it. Get in love with the work, or you may never hope for even a limited success. This is true to a larger extent where we come in contact with souls. A man may gain some skill in working with mechanical things, even if his heart is not there, but if his work is with souls, if in order to do his work he must get a response from those souls, that he may awaken in them right desires, his heart and soul must go out in order to gain that response.

"Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!"

If duties are performed in this spirit, even mechanical things present a different aspect; meetings are attended with pleasure, a desire to give and to get puts the thought of duty in the background, while the pleasure in the thing itself is foremost. Let us picture to ourselves two meetings, one where everyone concerned is at his post from a sense of duty only, and the other, where each man and woman present is filled with a desire to be there that he may partake of the spirit and gain something that shall help him to do the work which he loves. In this first meeting no amount

of work upon the part of one or two individuals could make the meeting very profitable. An inert listless response to even the most vital questions is all that might be expected, a desire to have done that the irksome duty might be a thing of the past would be manifest.

What a different picture the other meeting presents! Each individual member active, alert. His mind on the matter in hand; his whole attention given to the business of the hour,—interested, receptive, responsive. Can there be any doubt as to the profit of these two meetings?

The position of a Sunday School worker brings with it great responsibilities, other than those referred to under the head of duties. Every Sunday School teacher must acknowledge that he is placed in a position where he cannot fail to teach, whether he will or no, by the actions of his daily life. Are these in accord with the teaching in class. If so, well and good; if not, that teacher needs to pause and think well before he continues to be a rock which may cause the shipwreck of souls entrusted to his guidance.

The daily life of a teacher speaks through his tenets, reaches out and influences his teaching even when he is unconscious of it. An educator has said: "Our abstract principles may

be unintelligible to children, our words beyond their comprehension; but our voice, our manner, our thoughts, they will understand and feel." Is it not this subtle influence that helps us most?

As I recall my Sunday School teachers one stands out from the rest. She who influenced me most was the one whose life taught me lessons of faith, upright living, and devotion to the Church which she loved.

I remember seeing a picture, when I was a child, of a girl standing at the parting of the ways. In one path, beckoning her to follow, was a black robed figure representing duty in the other, was a bright laughing companion representing pleasure. To me, at that time, this was a true representation of life—simply a choice between duty and pleasure. But I have since come to believe that duty lies all around us, in any one of many paths, and when we follow where duty leads in one direction we turn our back upon it in another. Therefore, we cannot judge of one's conscientiousness because of his efforts in one direction. But when we accept a position we owe it to ourselves and to the position, to give to it both the time and the effort that may be necessary to promote the interest of the work. If we fail to do this we may prove a hindrance rather than a help.

Dorothy Bowman.

THE BEST THING TO LEAVE YOUR CHILDREN.

"The best legacy a man can leave his children is the memory and influence of a large, broad, finely developed mentality, well disciplined, highly cultured mind, a sweet, beautiful character which has enriched everybody who comes in contact with it, a refined personality, a magnanimous spirit.

To leave a clean record, an untarnished name, a name which commanded respect, an honesty and integrity which were above suspicion; this is a legacy worth while, a wealth beyond the reach of fire or flood, disaster or accident on land or sea. This is a legacy allied to divinity.

To bring your children up to serve God, to respect themselves, to love the right and hate the wrong, to be self-reliant, strong, vigorous and independent, to do their own thinking so they may become leaders instead of trailers—this is to leave them something worth while."

SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK.

Superintendents' Department.

*General Superintendency, Joseph F. Smith, David O. McKay and
Stephen L. Richards.*

SACRAMENT GEM FOR OCTOBER, 1911.

Little children, love the Savior! for He died that you might live;
Lay aside all rude behavior, and He will your faults forgive;
Fear no harsh unkindly sentence, mercy sweet from heav'n is sent;
Come with faith and true repentance, and partake the sacrament.

CONCERT RECITATION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1911.

[This concert recitation, printed in our last number, was named for August in error.]

(Doctrine and Covenants, Section 59, 9th and 10th verses.)

And that thou mayest more fully keep thyself unspotted from the world, thou shalt go to the house of prayer and offer up thy sacraments upon my holy day:

For verily this is a day appointed unto you to rest from your labors, and to pay thy devotions unto the Most High.

CONCERT RECITATIONS FOR OCTOBER, 1911.

[In order that our young people may be fortified with at least a few pointed scriptural quotations on different phases of some of the principles of the gospel, and which, if followed consecutively will lead "from faith to faith" and from knowledge to knowledge, we are offering a short recitation for each Sunday of the month, all bearing upon the principle of faith.

With a brief, forceful explanation by the one charged with the concert recitation work of the school, we believe these can be made so interesting to our members that they will take pleasure in memorizing them, and they will prove of great value hereafter.

The recitation of one Sunday may be called for once the following Sunday as a refresher and in review.]

FIRST SUNDAY— FAITH IN GOD.

"But without faith it is impossible to please Him: for he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him."—Hebrews 11:6.

SECOND SUNDAY—FAITH IN JESUS CHRIST.

"And this is His commandment, That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another as He gave us commandment."—I John 3: 23.

THIRD SUNDAY—FAITH IN HOLY GHOST.

"For there are three that bear record in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost: and these three are one."—I John 5:7.

FOURTH SUNDAY—NECESSITY OF FAITH.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

The Nickel Fund for 1911.

October has been designated by the general Board as the month in which to collect the Nickel fund. Most of our superintendents understand the purpose of the fund, but we feel justified in again stating it. It is for the purpose of defraying the general expenses of the Sunday School work in all the world. The moneys collected go to pay railway fares of General Board members who visit the stakes by special appointment, office rents and expenses, stationery, and the many legitimate requirements of the Sunday School organization.

Once a year the General Board asks a donation of at least five cents from every enrolled member of the school. This means members of parents' classes, as well as the other departments. People of means can make larger donations if they so desire. All funds so collected belong to this fund and should not be diverted to any other purpose. For instance: If a school collects more than one hundred per cent on account of the fund it should all be turned over to the stake treasurer, who deducts twenty per cent for stake purposes and forwards eighty per cent to the General treasurer. Some schools have retained all amounts collected over one hundred per cent for local purposes and sent the balance to the stake treasurer. This is not right because these donations are made for a specific purpose and should all be forwarded to the stake treasurer.

The system adopted last year for the collection of the Fund was very

successful and we call the attention of superintendents to it again.

"The Nickel envelopes will be delivered late in September. On the first Sunday in October, let enough be given to each teacher to supply all the members of the class. The teachers should write the names of the pupils upon the envelopes and deliver them on the first two Sundays in October. If any members of the class are absent on both Sundays, their envelopes should be sent them by neighboring pupils, or, better still, delivered by the teacher personally. Here may be a splendid opportunity to call upon absentees. If this method is followed every pupil will receive an envelope—an important item in this collection. On the other three Sundays of October the collections should be made, the last Sunday being utilized to close up the fund and make the report. In this way the matter can be taken care of and cleaned up in the month of October, and it will be a relief to Sunday School superintendents to have the business out of the way.

"If any superintendents have a better way of collecting the fund than the one now suggested, they, of course, are at liberty to follow it; but if they are desirous of trying a new plan, the one we offer has the approval of the General Superintendency.

"Please remember that this fund as collected should be turned over immediately to the stake treasurer, who, in turn, after deducting twenty per cent for stake purposes, should forward the balance to the General Treasurer. John F. Bennett, 44 E. South Temple St., Salt Lake City."

Parents' Department.

Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, Nathan T. Porter.

A Word of Direction.

The following discussion and outlines are submitted for the work during October. It may be that some classes will have a local topic which they wish to discuss. We have no objection to their taking up such topic if they decide in a regular way it is wise to do so. The committee is desirous, however, that the classes follow for a time rather faithfully the lessons submitted. It is important that we give our new plan, to work unitedly, a fair test. We have great faith that much good will come of it.

Another thing: *Let us all push together for a greater enrolment than ever in our classes.* Get all the parents you can to attend. Try the plan also of getting many others who cannot attend to read the JUVENILE discussions and study the lessons at home. It might be well to have a report from the homes, if you can on this point. Will some stake or stakes lead out in this to see what can be done further to spread the good work. We want far more than ten per cent of our parents actively engaged in one way or another in this vital study. Begin your fall work and push with vigor. Report to us your success. We shall be glad to hear from you.

A FURTHER WORD. Get the best informed persons you can to help you in these discussions. If you can secure occasionally a good lecturer—through some one who is well informed along the lines of home building—some expert home builder, do so. We are simply offering these suggestive articles and outlines to open up a live discussion. Do not hold slavishly to the things laid down, but keep well within the general boundaries of the subjects given. The succeeding lessons will take care of other topics connected

with the greater subject—the Business of Home Making.

The Business of Home-Making.

OWNING A HOME.

One of the bits of practical advice that has been constantly given by our leaders to the Latter-day Saints is—*Own a Home.* From the beginning of the Church to the present it has been urged—*Have a spot of ground you can call your own; build upon it; improve it; make for yourself a dwelling place as comfortable and beautiful as your time and means will justify.* Varying conditions of life have prevented many a faithful Latter-day Saint from following these teachings, even though his desire was strong to do so. Ofttimes one may be obliged to rent or board among strangers, or even like the Master Himself, he may have to lament that he has no sure place whereon to lay his head. Such conditions, however, are not the ideal towards which we have ever been directed. *To possess a home and to perfect it* has always been laid upon us as one of our first duties as parents in Israel.

In response to these teachings, the Latter-day Saints have become distinctively a home-building, home-owning people. Whenever peace has permitted it, they have always set to work making homes. As a result, it is probably true that no other people today can show so great a percentage of comfortable, happy homes, owned by the families that dwell in them, as can the maligned "Mormons." The base charge, made by misinformed or designing persons, that Mormonism is a menace to the home, is to those that know the real conditions, absurd. The world has never seen a people that have higher home ideals, or one that stands more solidly in the defense of

homes, than do the Latter-day Saints. The truth is that those things which menace the home today—and the home is seriously menaced—have come not from within, but from without true Mormonism. The tendency to dodge the responsibilities of home-making, to prevent child-birth, to live in flats and hotels, to follow fashion and society, to do anything and everything rather than to face nobly the truest issues of manhood and womanhood—these did not and cannot originate among true Latter-day Saints. We care little what the world has said falsely on this point; heed is given to it here only to emphasize our regret that some of the people are stepping aside from the better teaching of our faith to follow the ways of the world in these vital matters. These "lines of least resistance" are tempting our young people especially, away from the sterner but surer path of duty their fathers have followed in safety and honor to their salvation.

It is far from our purpose to chide those who have good and sufficient reasons for not possessing a home, and living the life that has been held up as the proper one to follow; but we do wish to urge the necessity of inculcating more strongly today than ever this practical part of our religion—*Possess a home and perfect it.*

CO-OPERATIVE HOME BUILDING.

If it were possible to start every young couple out in married life by giving them a home—perfectly built and completely furnished—we would not make them such a wedding present. It would rob them of one of the best things married life has in store—the privilege of planning and building their own home, or the almost equal privilege of selecting and sacrificing to pay for it.

There are many vital things to be learned, much character to be gained from this co-operative home-building, or buying. In pioneer days, as many

a parent can testify, the home was built by the father and mother and such children as were old enough to assist. It was laid up log by log, or adobe upon adobe by such toil and sacrifice as made them appreciate and love the home—however crude—when it was finished. We remember hearing or reading not long since a story that one of our splendid Mormon mothers, who recently helped to plan and have built one of the finest mansions in our land, tells of her early life—how she with her own hands helped her father make "dobies" to build their pioneer home in these valleys. Who shall say that this rare "first lesson" in home building did not do much to give her the spirit that later enabled her to create her elegant modern palace?

We were visiting a home recently—one of the most successful we know. The father was showing us about, pointing out the features of his new building with enthusiastic interest. The situation of the house—its splendid view, the generous porches to enjoy the prospect—the cheery open living room—the kitchen with its step-saving conveniences—the airy sleeping rooms—all were shown. In appreciating them, we congratulated our host on the good sense and judgment he had shown.

"Oh, don't give me the credit," he objected; "most of it belongs to this good woman here"—and he patted lovingly his wife.

"It belongs to all of us," she remonstrated. "We all built it."

"And it hasn't been built in a day," the father added, accepting the gentle correction. "We have been building this home for years, in our minds and hearts."

"That explains why you enjoy it so much now," we said.

"Yes," was the reply; "but to enjoy home is a habit with us; we enjoyed the old home too. In all of our home life, we have sacrificed and

shared together. Every part of the home is the dearer to us because it has been built out of loving service."

"Yes," added the mother, "and furnished with tokens of family love."

Then they showed the arm chair that was a gift for father's birthday, the table made in the manual training shop by one of the sons, the silverware that came to mother on Christmas, the various choice books given as birthday or Christmas tokens, one to another, by the girls.

"The children seem to have caught the spirit of their parents," was our suggestion.

"Yes, their hearts are with us. They love their home as we do; because they have sacrificed to help create it. It belongs to all of us."

The beautiful home picture just sketched, though ideal, is not a rare one among our people. Happily we have many families that realize in their lives this loving service. Better still: All may in large measure have these conditions, if they are willing to sacrifice—to harmonize—to live together in the proper spirit. It is not money, as has been said before, but this spirit of co-operation that builds our happiest homes.

Young people should have this thought impressed upon them. They need not postpone their marriage till the "stake" is gathered; or they have a home equipped with every modern convenience, to enter on their wedding day. If they are prepared in mind and spirit, ready to sacrifice and share together, if they have sought "first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, all these [material] things shall be added unto them." Or if they be not added, the difference will be but slight: for true happiness comes from within, not without.

THE HOME ITSELF.

Let it be supposed that such preparation as we have suggested has been made—that the young people are

ready to build their home—what then? What are the first things to be considered in the construction of the house in which we are to live?

"What do you regard as the greatest mistake made in home-building?" We put this question to a practical architect, one who has planned and built many hundreds of homes.

He hesitated. "That's a rather difficult question to answer off-hand; but on the spur of the moment I should say that the greatest mistake is to do no thinking about the matter beforehand."

"Your point needs clearing up," we suggested. "Surely people think before they build."

"Oh, yes," he replied; but they don't think enough. They don't plan carefully with the purpose of the home in view. Most of them follow some fashion, building like neighbor So-and-So, because the house strikes them or because they want to be in style. People usually do not give enough intelligent study to home building. Our houses too often 'just grow up.' As a result, few of them are either comfortable or convenient; and certainly not many of them are sightly, even though a vast number have enough 'gingerbread' on them almost to pay for another house. It seems to me that any person—if he gave even five minutes' common sense to the subject, ought to know better than to spend a fourth or more of his home money on untasteful, dirt-catching ornaments for his porches, cornices, etc., and at the same time be so careless or stingy with his kitchen that he makes his wife or servant take several hundred needless steps every time she prepares a meal."

"The point is plain enough," we commented. "Now will you please tell us what you consider the first essentials in home building?"

"You mean things that are fundamental, I suppose—that apply to all

homes, whether in country or city?" he asked.

"Yes," we replied; "it is our purpose to offer helpful suggestions to home-makers in varying conditions of life."

"Well," he continued, "the first thing to be considered is the situation of the house.

CHOOSING THE HOME SITE.

"This must depend upon local conditions largely; but there are several things that are fundamental here. For example: *The home should be situated on high ground.* The elevated parts of a city are usually chosen, you know, for residence purposes. There may be good reasons, of course, for selecting the lower parts. If there are, however, the home builder should make sure his house is built well up above the general level, to save himself the discomfort of living in a mud hole. If the house is to be built upon a farm where there are many sites, the same rule applies. *Plant the house in a commanding position.*"

"But what of the houses already built in low places?" we asked.

"Oh, gravel or cement is the cheapest cure for them, ordinarily, he responded; "certainly it is cheaper than shoe leather and dirt. Some of these houses may even be raised out of the mud, especially if they be frame houses; but often the case is hopeless: the family must either move, or by suffering it out, learn the value of this rule: *Build your houses high.*

"What about the direction a house should face?" we asked.

"Any direction you prefer," he answered; "it depends somewhat upon the local situation. In this intermountain country, the south and the east fronts are generally preferred—so the real estate men say—they sell for a little more. The view has a good deal to do with the decision here."

HOME SURROUNDINGS.

"How much yard is necessary?" we asked.

"Enough to set the house off to advantage," he replied. "The cost of ground governs this point to a great extent; but whether ground be high or low priced, no man should have more yard, front or back, than he can and will keep clean and tidy. The bane of our cities, especially our country towns, is their big, littered yards. Men and women have too much to do to keep them up, I know; but if they cannot or will not take proper care of them, these great untidy yards do them no credit. I have often wondered whether there couldn't be a city ordinance passed and enforced on this matter of untidy yards and tumble-down fences."

"Don't you think the evil might be better corrected through stimulating a greater pride in home surroundings?" we asked, "and by the establishment of some 'civic improvement days.' Such days have been established with excellent results in a few of our live cities."

"Very good thing," he agreed. "I hope they will stay and grow in importance. It makes little difference how well the house be built; if the surroundings are unsightly, the place is invariably discounted."

"There is another thing," he added, "which needs sharp attention; and that is the out buildings. This building of barns and corrals on our streets is a disgrace."

"Hastn't this practice been corrected in many cities by law?" we inquired.

"It ought to be. There is another thing that should be regulated; that is the distance from the house these out-buildings should be. Some people are very careless on this point. It is not only unsightly, but very unsanitary to house animals in the dooryard."

"What about the shade or sunshine

around the home?" we inquired further.

"Some are inclined," he replied, "to smother their houses in shade trees; others scorch year after year because of neglect to put out any shade. I think both extremes wrong. Too much shade tends to keep the yard damp or even sour; trees shut out air also. On the other hand, too much sun burns things up—is trying upon the paint and woodwork, the furnishings, the eyes and nerves. We need shade for coolness and rest. A good lawn helps greatly in this. We need plenty of sunshine, too; every side of the house should have it, every day, if possible; it keeps things sweet and pure and cheerful."

HOUSE CONSTRUCTION.

"What of the house itself?" was the next query. Are there any fundamentals to emphasize in planning it?"

"Yes, indeed," came the reply; "but it is harder to specify here. Tastes vary widely; and we would not make things monotonously uniform; then the cost range is so great, too, that we can find but few general rules. The home-builder should never forget that houses are made to live in rather than to look at. Comfort and convenience, therefore, should have first place in our plan. This does not mean that houses may not be both comfortable and pleasing to the eye. They should be both. But as we have already suggested, many people sacrifice conveniences in the home for show, just as they do in other things. We are too fond of cheap ornamentation; and, strange to say, the less money a man has, the more he often wants to spend in meaningless bric-a-brac. Such an over-decorated house is harder to keep up, and it soon grows tiresome. People generally need to study the beauty in simplicity. The best architects will not design these whimsical houses. They have a good reason for every line in their plans."

"Another 'show' feature of many houses is their 'bigness.' We waste a good deal of money in building unnecessary house room; but I believe we are growing more sensible on this point. Our homes are becoming more reasonable in size and cosier year by year. One new feature in home architecture or rather it is an old feature coming back into style—is the lower ceiling. We are finding it better."

"You spoke of too much house room," we remarked; "What do you regard as the essential rooms in a house?"

"There are three rooms of first importance in any home—possibly four: the kitchen, the sleeping room, the general living room, and the bath room, with toilet. Most families can and should have these features in their homes. Some do with fewer rooms, often living, eating and sleeping in but one room or two. It seems to me that this is unnecessary in these days. Misfortune, poverty, or pioneer conditions may force upon a family such a life for a time. Many noble families have had to endure it; but surely we can overcome such conditions in most parts of our land very speedily in these days. It ought to be a community pride to have no such homes. If distress of various kinds bring any family to such straits in our wealthy towns and cities, then the community should help such a family to house itself properly. It will pay to do it. In our great cities they are finding that sickness and crime decreases just so fast as the inhabitants of the city are housed in comfortable, sanitary homes. This is a problem towards which your parents' class may well direct its attention," he suggested. "Every community has the problem on its hands."

"After the essential rooms in the house have been provided, what others would you suggest?" we asked.

"Not the 'pantry,'" he replied, smiling; "that is an out-of-date time-waster. Not the 'parlor' either. We

are learning better than to set a best room off in a corner of the house and fill it with things to show to company. A laundry is a very valuable addition to any home—saves much valuable energy; good closets are necessary, too. A library or study room as a part of the living room, or aside from it, is excellent. Books and music, too, are the things that make for cheer and culture in the home.

"What about the sleeping porch?" we inquired.

"That came in as a 'fad,' but it is one of the best 'fads' that has ever come. The sleeping porch is going to solve many of our health problems. It will be a permanent part of our best homes hereafter. It is surprising how many people have already added it to their homes.

"This reminds me," he continued, "that all we have said seems to apply to homes that are yet to be built. Most of the homes with which you are dealing are already constructed."

"Yes," we replied, "what can be done to correct the mistakes already made, is a vital matter with us."

"It is very hard," he answered, "to make a new house out of an old one; but still many houses can often be remodeled to great advantage and with little cost, especially in such important rooms as the kitchen and living room. It is well worth while for parents to study this problem of correcting mistakes in home building."

"Do you think of any other practical suggestions to offer our parents along these lines?" was our final query.

"There are many other things that might be said," he replied; "but if they digest well the suggestions that have been offered; and above all, put those worth while into practice, our homes will show a marked improvement."

We thanked the home builder for his frank yet helpful advice so freely given, and assured him that our parents' classes would show their appre-

ciation of it by turning it into profitable and practical results.

LESSON OUTLINES.

LESSON 1.—*Owning a Home.*

1. Give some saying or thought from our leaders wherein they have advised the people in regard to possessing a home and perfecting it.

2. What influences are doing most to keep people from following these teachings?

3. To what extent is the boarding and renting habit growing in your community? What can best be done to check it?

4. What value comes to the young married couple of building or buying together their home? Relate instances without naming the persons, if you so desire, to show how homes have been obtained in this way.

5. What co-operative effort has ever been put forth in your community to encourage people in a substantial way to procure for themselves a comfortable home? Have you a home-building association? Could such an association be promoted with success by the parents' class? What other means of encouragement to home makers might be adopted with general benefit to your town?

LESSON II.—*Home Situation and Surroundings.*

Discuss briefly the following topics:

1. Three things to remember in choosing a home site.

2. The lot — a home-site — how large?

3. Shade or sunshine—which?

4. Lawns and flowers—their value and care.

5. "Good fences make good neighbors."

6. The back yard as a children's playground.

7. Out-buildings—how to lessen the nuisance.

8. Civic Improvement Day. What the Parents' class can do to "boost" it.

LESSON III.—*House Construction. Exterior.*

Discuss briefly the following suggestions:

1. Homes built on the square give most room for the money.

2. Comfort and convenience rather than style.

3. Beauty in simplicity.

4. Ceilings should not ordinarily be more than nine feet high; eight and a half feet is better for most homes.

5. Most homes lack for fresh air and sunshine.

6. Have good windows and plenty of them.

7. A generous porch is better than medicine.

8. Big houses and comfort.

9. Privacy and quiet. How home construction can prevent or promote it.

LESSON IV.—*House Construction. Interior.*

1. In what part of the house can most steps be saved by convenient construction?

2. How can the energy ordinarily wasted in stair climbing be greatly avoided?

3. What is a handier equipment—and one no more expensive than the pantry?

4. Discuss "the parlor" as a necessary part of the home. What, if anything, would you substitute for it?

5. What are the first essentials in home rooms?

6. Discuss "the sleeping porch."

7. What things in an ordinary home can be remodeled to advantage? Discuss this problem of remodeling the home—its advantages and disadvantages.

8. What can be done in your community to stimulate home owners to make their homes more comfortable, convenient and beautiful? What can be done towards providing for every family proper house accommodations?

Theological Department.

Geo. H. Wallace, Chairman; James E. Talmage, John M. Mills, Milton Bennion

Jesus the Christ.

Lesson 28. "Ask and it shall be given you."

The present lesson deals with the subject of prayer, its nature, its purpose, and the essential characteristics of true prayer. As recorded in the 11th chapter of Luke, Jesus was praying in a certain place, and when He ceased, one of the disciples, who was evidently impressed by the earnestness of our Lord's supplication, said unto Him: "Lord, teach us to pray." Responding to the request our Lord gave as a pattern for earnest prayer the concise and soulful supplication since known as "The Lord's Prayer." At this point observe that the Lord's

Prayer was given in answer to a specific request and, moreover, that this request was inspired by our Lord's example. Thus it is a fact that the Lord's Prayer was a result of our Lord's praying.

The Lord's Prayer is to be studied in detail. The teacher should consider the prayer verse by verse, sentence by sentence, utterance by utterance. He should compare the version given by Luke (chapter 11) and by Matthew (chapter 6) with the version given in the Nephite scriptures (III Nephi 13). Between and among these different versions there is no essential difference or deviation.

The prayer is a type of simplicity

combined with earnestness and fervor. It is brief; it is devoid of the vain repetitions such as were so common in that time and such as are so common today. The prayer is addressed to the Father; He is reverentially recognized as the One, "Who," or "Which" "art in heaven." The coming of His kingdom is asked; the doing of His will as expressed by the words "Thy will be done," naturally follows as an essential condition.

Then follows a petition for earthly needs. It is enjoined that we ask for our daily bread—mark you we are asked to petition for daily bread, not for enormous supplies which may seem to secure us from want for a long time to come. The Father would have us depend on Him from day to day—lest we forget. So it was in the days of early Israel as they journeyed in the wilderness; they were fed with manna, not for long periods in advance, but from day to day.

Next we are taught to ask for forgiveness, but not without condition. We are to expect forgiveness even as we forgive others. In this connection review Lesson 22. Forgiveness is given to the deserving only. It is not to be had by the unworthy.

Next we are told to ask for protection against temptation, and for deliverance from evil. Furthermore, the Lord's Prayer acknowledges God's supremacy in all things and closes with the solemn invocation "Amen," meaning "So be it" or "Let it so be." This closing invocation is in the nature of a seal or a final petition that the foregoing prayer be heard and answered.

The lesson further makes plain that prayer is no mere wordy utterance to be spoken and then forgotten; on the contrary it is indeed "the soul's sincere desire." The supplication of true prayer may have to be repeated and the feeling prompting it may have to be continued. Thus the answer to prayer is to be awaited as a gift from

God, a gift that shall come, if at all, in His own time and manner. Only faithful persistency in prayer can be relied upon to secure the blessing.

The lesson thus given is illustrated in parable. In this connection we have to consider two specific parables, viz., the parable of the importunate neighbor (Luke 11:5-8); and the parable of the importunate widow (Luke 18:1-8). In the application of those parables the teacher must observe great caution and care else it may be made to appear that God is subject to the weakness of man. The lesson is evidently this: If even men can be brought to respond to repeated petitions when they may be deaf to a single request, the Father whose love for His children transcends all human love, will surely hear.

Lesson 29. Lazarus Restored to Life.

We have here to deal with one of the surprising miracles of Christ. It appears that in the town of Bethany, situated about two miles from Jerusalem, there lived a righteous man named Simon, who, because of his affliction is specifically referred to as Simon the leper (Matt. 26:6; Mark 14:3). Here lived Lazarus and his two sisters, Martha and Mary, all of whom were close friends of Jesus. Note the brief yet impressive statement: "Jesus loved Martha and her sister and Lazarus" (John 11:5).

At this time Jesus was in retirement at Bethabara (John 10:39-40); His retirement was probably due to the hostility of the Jews toward Him. Note that this retirement followed immediately the Feast of Dedication which had been celebrated at Jerusalem.

At the time of the incidents referred to in this lesson, Lazarus was ill; and his sisters, who believed implicitly in Jesus, sent messengers to our Lord, asking Him to come to them in the hour of their brother's affliction. Nevertheless Jesus remained where He was. Two days later He announced

to His disciples that He was going into Judea, in which province Bethany was located. The disciples protested owing to the fact that the leaders among the Judeans had previously tried to kill Him. To the disciples our Lord explained part of His purpose. First He told them that Lazarus slept, and they, misunderstanding Him, thought that Lazarus was in a condition of physical rest and that such condition was good for him. Then Jesus declared plainly that Lazarus was dead.

Jesus and the apostles journeyed to Bethany where He found the bereaved sisters, Mary and Martha, in deep grief, mourning for their brother Lazarus who had already been buried four days. Jewish ministers were with them, seeking to give comfort according to the custom of the times. When Jesus arrived, Martha said unto Him: "Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." To this our Lord replied: "Thy brother shall rise again," and added in further explanation: "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live" (John 11:21-25). Evidently Martha failed to understand the full meaning of our Lord's utterance though she plainly believed in the Savior's divine power. Mary also evinced her belief in Christ when she said: "Lord if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died" (verse 32).

Jesus was deeply affected by the grief of these loving sisters. Following the sorrowful company He went to the place where Lazarus had been buried. According to custom the body had been placed in a cave, the opening of which was closed by a large rock. When Jesus directed that the rock be rolled away and the sepulchre opened, Martha offered a mild objection owing to her fear that the body four days after death was in a state of decomposition. Nevertheless, the direction of Jesus was obeyed.

Then our Lord prayed to the

Father; His prayer is eloquent in word and intensive in spirit. After the prayer He spoke in a voice of authority and command: "Lazarus, come forth." Then we are told the man who had been dead came out of the cave, clothed as at the time of burial. Needless to say, the effect of this miracle was widespread and deep. Many of the Jews who witnessed it believed on Christ, while others sought to find a cause of accusation against our Lord. The chief priests and the Pharisees held a council; evidently they were alarmed over the possible effect of this miracle as adding to the great public interest which Jesus had acquired through His former mighty works. Caiaphas who held the office of High Priest at the time, declared that it was better that one man should die than that the whole nation should perish. Evidently he thought that if the claims made for Christ were substantiated, the Jewish power would wane. John, the recorder, significantly adds, "And thus spake he not of himself; but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation (verse 51; read also verses 47-54). The priestly assembly determined on the death of Jesus. However, as His hour was not yet fully come, as His work was not yet accomplished, He was not ready to surrender Himself into their hands; therefore, He retired toward the wilderness and there continued His instructions unto His disciples. The chief priests and the Pharisees then issued a decree that any man who knew the whereabouts of Jesus be required to reveal such that the officials might take Him into custody.

As before explained, specifically in connection with Lesson 15 (which see) the raising of Lazarus is to be regarded as a restoration to mortal life, and not as an instance of resurrection in the commonly accepted sense of the term. We have had other incidents of the dead being raised to life, notably the case of the daughter

of Jairus (Luke 8:41-56), also the instance of the son of the widow of Nain (Luke 7:11-16). Consider the other instances given in the references in this lesson and in Lesson 15. We have no record of any person being raised from death to immortality, that is to say, no instance of true resurrection, prior to the resurrection of Christ.

Lesson 30. Preparing for the Sacrifice.

The incidents comprised within the limits of this lesson are those of a very busy period in the life of our Savior. He realized that the time of His departure from earth was near at hand,—that within a few days He would have to yield up His life on the cross. On His way to Jerusalem,—and His journey thither must be regarded as a march to the tomb,—He halted at Bethany, the little town where lived Lazarus, whom He had raised from the dead, and the sisters of Lazarus, Mary and Martha, all of whom Jesus loved. (Read carefully the account given in John chapter 12). In honor of His visit a supper was prepared for Him; at this feast Martha served and Lazarus sat at the table with Jesus. As a token of affection and honor, Mary anointed the feet of Jesus with spikenard ointment, an odorous unguent, very costly. Judas Iscariot, the treasurer and the recreant member of the Twelve, protested against this apparent waste, saying that the ointment could have been sold for a goodly price and the money given to the poor. Note the pathos of Christ's answer: "Let her alone; against the day of my burying hath she kept this. For the poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always" (John 12:7, 8). This was a solemn declaration that Christ had been anointed for His burial.

It is evident that many people gathered about the home in Bethany where Christ tarried, not only to see Him but to gratify their curiosity regarding

Lazarus who had been raised from the dead. It is significant to note that the chief priests were seeking to find a means of putting Lazarus to death, because of the fact that the miracle of raising Lazarus from the dead had led many of the Jews to believe on Christ. The events above referred to began about a week before the Passover,—the last of the Jewish feasts to be attended by our Lord (John 12:1).

Jesus continued His journey to Jerusalem and made a triumphal entry into the city. The people acclaimed Him as the "King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord." As had been predicted, Jesus entered the city in triumph, riding upon an ass.

Entering the city He went to the temple, and as He had done on a former occasion, He sought to cleanse the holy house by driving out the merchants and money changers who had turned the house of prayer into a house of merchandise and a den of thieves. Compare this occasion with a similar one near the beginning of His public ministry. (See Matt. 21:12-17 and John 2:14-17. Consult references given in outline). The priestly rulers and the Jews challenged His authority for such peremptory action but were set at naught by His reply (Matt. 21:23-27). He then proceeded to give certain definite instructions and make certain specific predictions. As indicated in the outline He spake in parables and taught by illustration and story, thus illustrating many important principles of right living.

It is not to be expected that the teacher will attempt to tell in detail all the great lessons taught by Christ during this trying period of His ministry. Nevertheless, the teacher should study such for himself. The parable of the wicked husbandmen and the parable of the marriage feast should be studied by the teacher though he may not have time or opportunity to present such to the class in full. Perhaps the most interesting and instructive of these spe-

cific lessons is that conveyed in the story of the widow's mite. (See Mark 12:41-44). On the occasion here referred to, Jesus stood in the temple and watched the people bringing their offerings to the treasury according to Jewish custom and requirement. There came the rich, desirous of winning popular praise and ostentatiously bringing their gifts of gold. Then came in humility a poor widow who put into the treasury box two mites. A mite was a small brass coin worth half a Roman farthing, practically equivalent to three sixteenths of an American cent. According to this reckoning the two mites amounted to less than one-half of a cent. Jesus noted the widow's gift and directed the attention of His disciples thereto, saying unto them: "Verily I say unto you, that this poor widow hath cast more in than all they which have cast into the treasury; for all they did cast in of their abundance; but she of her want did cast in all she had, even all her living." The teacher should use this incident to impress upon the pupils the fact that in the judgment of God gifts are reckoned according to the purpose and sacrifice of the giver and not as to the amount counted in terms of the money of men. The widow who had given her all, though that amounted to but a small fraction of a cent, had given more than the rich man

whose lavish gifts of gold were bestowed in selfishness, and whose gifts represented but a small part of his abundance. No one can give more than he has. In the service of God it is required that we shall be willing to give all we have,—money, talents, time, practically everything. To be accepted of God our gifts must be brought willingly, not grudgingly nor of necessity. For he it remembered "God loveth a cheerful giver." (See II Cor. 9:6, 7). Consider further this scripture relating to the gifts which man may offer to God; "For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not" (II Cor. 8:11,12).

J. E. T.

Church History.

The lessons in Church History for the remainder of the year are in such compact form in the text-book, and so little of it is accessible to the general reader elsewhere, that it has been deemed unnecessary to continue the suggestions on the subject in the INSTRUCTOR. Each chapter in "One Hundred Years" is, with a single unimportant exception, about only one thing, and so its presentation will be a simple matter—there is practically but a single idea to emphasize.

Impatient people water their miseries and hoe up their comforts; sorrows are visitors that come without invitation, but complaining minds send a wagon to bring their troubles home in. Many people are born crying, live complaining and die disappointed; they chew the bitter pill which they would not even know to be bitter if they had the sense to swallow it whole in a cup of patience and water.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

Second Intermediate Department.

Henry Peterson, Chairman; James W. Ure, Horace H. Cummings, Harold G. Reynolds

Book of Mormon Lessons for October.

[Prepared by H. E. Steffensen.]

OCTOBER 1. FAST DAY EXERCISES.

Assign as a Fast Day thought the aim of lesson 27—"The Prayers of the righteous availeth much." Ask the students to come prepared with a real instance of an answer to a righteous prayer. The teacher should come prepared with many interesting examples of answers to prayers, but should not occupy so much time that the students do not have an opportunity to tell their instances of answers to prayers. Teachers will do well to remember that faith, as well as most other things we try to teach, can not be lectured into any one, but must come from work or effort upon the part of the individual whom you are trying to teach. Use your instances to inspire them to give theirs, and the backward boy who has not prepared, will be inspired to relate some instance of answer to prayer which he had not intended to tell. But, if you are in the habit, as I know many of you are, of trying to teach your lessons by doing all the talking yourselves, you can be sure of this one thing, that while you may be learning some things, your students are getting practically nothing.

OCTOBER 8. LESSON 28. THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT.

1. Text: Mosiah 28, 29. Story of Book of Mormon, chaps. 17 and 18; also chaps. 58, 59 and 60.
2. General assignment: Mosiah 29.
3. Special assignment: The rest of the text.
4. Memory gem: Select one bearing on the aim.
5. Time: 99-91 B. C.

6. Place: Zarahemla.

7. For outline, see Lesson 28 Sunday School Outlines.

Note: 1. Make a careful comparison of the Nephite government, during the rule of the judges, and the government of the United States.

2. Be careful to distinguish between Alma, the elder, and Alma, the younger. Lesson 19 should read: "Alma, the elder." Have some student give the history of each from Dictionary of Book of Mormon.

OCTOBER 15.. LESSON 29. NEHOR'S HERESIES.

1. Text: Alma 1. Dictionary of Book of Mormon, page 255; Story of Book of Mormon, chap. 23.

2. General assignment: Alma 1.

3. Special assignment: The other two references are very interesting and could be assigned to students to report on.

4. Memory gem: Select.

5. Time: 91 B. C.

6. Place: Zarahemla.

7. Aim: Select your own, but be sure to have one.

OUTLINE:

I. Religious Condition of Nephite Nation.

1. Church organization.

- a. Head of Church.
- b. Other officers—how supported.
- c. Teachings.
- d. Punishment of delinquent members.
- e. Relation of church and government.

II. Nehor.

1. Description.

- a. Physical appearance.
- b. Dress.
- c. Disposition.

2. Teaching.

3. How supported.

III. Nehor Meets Gideon.

1. Gideon.

- a. Who he was.
- b. Give his history. (See Dict. of B. of M.)
- c. His condition at the time.
2. Gideon withstands Nehor.
 - a. Their argument.
 - b. The result.
- IV. Nehor Put to Death.
 1. Taken before the judge—Alma.
 - a. The sentence.
 - b. Manner of killing.
- V. Effect of Nehor's Death.
 1. On priestcraft.
 2. On lying, stealing, etc.
 3. On the Church.

Note: See Dictionary of Book of Mormon for pronunciation of all proper names.

OCTOBER 22. LESSON 30. THE REBEL-LION OF AMLICI.

1. Text: Alma 2, 3. Dictionary of Book of Mormon, page 51; Story of Book of Mormon, chap. 23.
2. General assignment: Alma 2.
3. Special assignment: The other references.
4. Memory gem: Alma 3:19 and 27.
5. Time: 86 B. C.
6. Place: Zarahemla.
7. Picture: Story of Book of Mormon, page 133.
8. Outline—See Lesson 30 Sunday School Outlines.

Note: Make a map of Zarahemla and give the students some idea of the location of battles, etc.

OCTOBER 29. REVIEW.

This Sunday has not been provided for by the General Board in their Sunday School Outlines, so I suggest that it be used for review. Do not be afraid to have your students learn a great many facts. Review them constantly on the big events and movements. They are at just the age to learn things easily and things once clearly learned by them will be remem-

bered. I think it would not be out of place to give them a written examination. Why should they not learn the gospel as thoroughly as they do their day school lessons? If you do this mark the papers carefully, return them and discuss the answers in class. Do not make the test too long or difficult. If you do not like the examination idea, by all means take frequent oral reviews of all the work covered during the year.

VOCABULARY:

Nehor [Nē'-hōr) Amlici [Ām'-lī-cī]

Gideon [Gīd'-ē-ōn] Hermounts

[Hēr -mounts]

Bible Lessons for October.

[Prepared by C. Ray Bradford.]

LESSON 28.

1. Text: I Sam. 8-14.
2. General assignment: Ch. 9; 10:1.
3. Aim: Faith in divine guidance.
4. Time: B. C. 1095.
5. Place: Canaan.
6. Picture.
7. Memory gem: I Sam. 13:13-14.
8. Topics: See S. S. Outline.

LESSON 29.

1. Text: I Sam. 15-17.

This is a very interesting lesson. Much of the narrative the children are already familiar with, such as the fight between David and Goliath. However, they are now at an age when they can appreciate the human side. They have been led to look upon the immortal combat between David and Goliath as a vague, mythical fight between a boy and an enormously huge being who possessed few traits common to humans. They picture Goliath as the monstrous being of Jack, the Giant-Killer fame. As a matter of fact, David was a sturdy youth not so much unlike boys of our day. He was possessed of human feeling, hu-

man emotions. There were pursuits that he enjoyed and pursuits that he disliked. He certainly had found great pleasure in the use of the sling and had become an expert with it. He had found great pleasure in playing upon the harp, and had become an expert in the use of it. Having spent much of his time alone, with the flocks and close to nature, he had developed a reflective capacity far in advance of his years. Possessed of great freedom, he had developed an undaunted courage and supreme confidence in his abilities. His nature revolted at the least display of cowardice.

Thus we can understand the indignity he felt when he went into the camp and found the whole army dismayed by the challenge daily flung down upon them by the powerful Philistine warrior, who was much larger and mightier than the average man. But only a man despite his mighty stature. The children should picture him as such.

No literary nor historic incident depicts, more vividly, supreme courage, and lofty spirit of fortitude, combined with unflinching loyalty to God than the story of this great combat.

The whole Philistine army was exulting in the spirit of triumph: the whole Israelitish army was cowed and rent with the spirit of defeat, when David arrived with supplies for his brothers. He was informed of the conditions. With the confidence of a conqueror he exclaimed "who is this uncircumcised Philistine, that he should defy the armies of the living God?" He went to Saul and begged: "Let no man's heart fail because of him: thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine, to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took

a lamb out of the flock, and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear: and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God. The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

How is this for courage, fortitude, and sublime faith in God?

No wonder Saul said, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

What a picture! this youth, having thrown off the armor on account of its cumbersomeness; unarmed, with the exception of a staff, and a sling, going out into the open space between the two armies to meet in single combat, the mightiest of all the hostile host, one who had sent the shivers through the spines of all his opposing multitude and snapped their courage. He chose five smooth stones out of the brook and put them in his shepherd's bag, at his side, "and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine."

"And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bore the shield went before him. And when the Philistine looked about, and saw David he fumed with anger, for he saw only a youth, ruddy, and of a fair countenance, and he shouted at David, "Am I a dog, that thou comest to me with staves? Come to me and I will give thy flesh to the birds of the air and the beasts of the field."

David's answer was as noble as his courage.

Then answered David to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee, and I will give the carcasses of the host

of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and the beast of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear, for the battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands."

"There spoke the voice of the soul of the Hebrew people. There was a defiance that answered Goliath's own and overwhelmed it. Also it dazed the mighty Philistine warrior. What! a mere boy say this to him! It was astounding—more, it was absurd! And still more, it was insulting! And then the fight took place. The world has not yet forgotten this immortal combat." And the children cannot catch the true inspiration from it without reading it straight from the text.

2. General assignment: I Sam. chap. 17.
3. Aim: The resources of a valiant spirit.
4. Time: B. C. 1063.
5. Place: Judah.
6. Picture.
7. Memory gem: I Sam. 17:45-47 inclusive.
8. Topics: See S. S. Outline.

Lesson 30 will be outlined in the October number.

A good deal of valuable material on these lessons will be found in the Primary division of the August JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

If possible, get access to "The Bible as Good Reading," Albert J. Beverage. Price at Deseret S. S. Union, about fifty cents.

First Intermediate Department.

Geo. M. Cannon, Chairman; Wm. D. Owen, Josiah Burrows, Sylvester D. Bradford.

Christ's Appearing.

This terrible darkness passed away; the commotions of the earth ceased; and the people were viewing the changes that had taken place in nature, and discussing the probable cause of these things. Suddenly they heard a voice from above speaking to them. It was Christ's. He came down and stood among them, and taught them during the day. When night came He left the people, with a promise that He would appear again on the morrow. For three days He taught them in the truth, performing the same wonderful works similar to those which He had done among the Jews. The church was organized; twelve apostles were chosen; the people were instructed how to conduct themselves in the new organization.

Of these apostles, Jesus asked what they desired of Him. Nine said they desired that they should live to old age, after which they should come to Him.

This wish Jesus granted. But three of them would not tell Him what they desired, thinking that they would be asking too much. Jesus, however, divined their thoughts, and told them that their wishes were already granted. They desired to live upon the earth and not die, so that they might do much good. Jesus blessed them for their desires, promising them that they should be given greater blessings than the others. This is the same desire as John the Beloved expressed to Jesus among the Jews. These three Nephites lived with the people for nearly three hundred years, then disappeared because of the people's wickedness. But they appeared subsequently to many good men; such for example, as Mormon and Moroni; they have no doubt appeared to many people in our day. They are still on the earth doing good. All these things, of course, happened after the resurrection of the Lord. He appeared among these people with His immortal body made glorious through

His rising from the dead. The Nephites, He explained were his "other sheep" of which He had spoken to the Jews.

QUESTIONS.

1. Tell the story of this lesson. III Nephi 11-30.

2. Give an account of Christ's first appearing to the Nephites. III Nephi 11.

3. Discuss briefly the most striking points in the Sermon on the Mount. III Nephi 12, 13, 14.

4. What are the important points made by Jesus in His talk, recorded in III Nephi 15-16.

5. Give the substance of III Nephi 17.

6. Discuss the three important subjects—the sacrament, prayer, and the Holy Ghost—of III Nephi 18.

7. Give an account of the great fast-meeting of the disciples. III Nephi 27.

8. Discuss the promise made by Christ to His disciples. III Nephi 27.

9. Find out who was the writer of the book of III Nephi.

The Result of Disobedience.

"Come, Jack, let's go swimming," said Albert to me one Sunday, years ago. It was a warm and delightful day early in July. Bees were humming, the birds warbled in the trees and the air was laden with the odor of sweet flowers. Above all, it was a time for a frolic. Father had bidden me attend the afternoon meeting in the Salt Lake tabernacle. I was on my way.

At first I refused. Albert insisted, "Aw, come on, Jack, I'll sneak around and get pa's old mare and we'll ride her double. We'll go down to the old hole in Jordan river." "Yes," said I, "but our folks will find out we were not in meeting and then we'll catch it." "Naw, we'll come back before meeting's out, find out who preached and what they said, and then the folks will never know."

The temptation was too great. I went. We were only lads; Albert was large for his age, a jolly boy and teeming with pranks. I was a little older but being of slow growth was not so tall.

We soon found the old swimming hole. I had already learned to swim some, but Albert had not. To begin

with we splashed around in the shallow water and had a jolly good time. At last we waded in until the water was up to our necks, Albert ahead of me. As we stood thus Albert said, "Jack, if you were here it would be over your head, I've a notion to pull you out." "No, don't," said I, as he reached for me and I made quickly for the bank. I managed to escape him and turned delighted to laugh at his failure. Imagine, instead of Albert laughing and chasing me he had gone down in the deep water.

Quick as a flash I snatched a long, dry willow and reached it out to where he had gone down. Soon he came to the surface a little below. He made an effort to grasp the willow but was carried away by the current. Twice more he came to the surface, but each time farther below. I was frantic but could offer no aid. Dazed by the terrible knowledge that he had drowned I knew not what to do. His folks had to be told. I shall never forget the terrible grief of his stricken mother as she learned from me the dreadful news. Could boys but sense my feelings then they would never disobey their parents.—J. A. Chess.

Primary Department.

Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Wm. A. Morton.

Lesson 28. Absalom.

[Sister Edith Hunter, of Pioneer Stake Board, is the author of the following stories.]

Review.

1. Tell me the story I told you last Sunday about little Rosie.
2. What was the difference between Rosie and the other girls?
3. What effect do you think Rosie's kind act had upon Katie?
4. What was the covenant which Jonathan and David made with each other?
5. What effect did that covenant have upon them?
6. Tell of ways in which Jonathan showed his friendship for David?
7. Does the breaking of covenants affect people's character? How?

As soon as Saul was dead David was anointed king. He was a very good man and loved the Lord with all his heart. The Lord blessed him and made him great and powerful. The people loved David because he ruled them justly.

He did not forget Jonathan after he had grown rich, for Jonathan was good to him when he was in trouble. He remembered, too, the promise they made to each other about their children. So when he heard that one of Jonathan's sons was yet alive he sent for him. He gave him back all of his father's land and told him that he wanted him to always live with him.

David had many sons of his own, but some of them were not good men. He had one son whose name was Absalom. This one was considered the most handsome man among all the people. No man was praised so much for his beauty as he was. His hair was so thick and long that, when it was cut off at the end of the year it weighed as much as two hundred shekels of silver.

But Absalom was proud and often did what was not right. Once he did wrong, and then went into another

country for three years. When he came back his father forgave him and hoped he would do wrong no more.

Absalom got a chariot and horses and went out on the streets often so that people might see him and think him a great man.

David was old now, and Absalom wanted to be the king. He would rise early in the morning and go to the gates of the city. There he would stand, and when he saw anyone going into the city to see the king, he would go and talk to him. He would tell the people that if he were king they might have all they wanted. Some people would bow to him, because he was the king's son, and then he would go to them and kiss them. He did all this, not because he was good, and loved the people, but because he wanted the people to love him and to make him their king. Many of the people believed he was their friend and were willing to do what he told them.

One day Absalom went to his father and asked him if he might go to another city to pay a vow to the Lord. He made his father believe that he had promised the Lord he would offer up a sacrifice there, and wanted to go and do it.

His father told him he might go, for he wanted him to do right. But he was not going to serve the Lord. He had sent out spies to get the people to say that day that he was the king. He told the spies to tell the people that when they heard the sound of a trumpet they were to cry, "Absalom is the king!"

When the report of what Absalom had done came to David, he was filled with sorrow. He knew that he must leave Jerusalem now, so he called all his servants to him, and they departed out of the city, weeping.

After David and all who followed him got out of Jerusalem, an old man came and brought them food to eat.

They were very thankful, because they were very hungry.

As soon as Absalom could, he gathered a large army together and made haste to follow David, his father. David counted the men who were with him, and wished to lead them to battle. But he was very old, and these people loved him and would not let him. So David appointed three captains over the army and they went out to battle. As they went, David spoke to the captains and said, "Deal gently for my sake with the young man, even with Absalom." You see how much David loved his son, though he was wicked and wished to harm his father.

All who went out to battle for David heard what he said about Absalom and were willing to do as they were commanded. The battle took place in a wood, and the Lord gave the victory to David's army.

Many who were in Absalom's army fled in fear. Among them was Absalom. As he rode through the woods his long hair caught in the branches of an oak tree, and he died there. David sat at the gates of the city, waiting to hear the news of the battle.

Soon after the battle was over, a messenger came. He went before the king and said, "Blessed be the Lord, for He has this day given us the victory!" David, who was thinking of his son, said, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" But the messenger did not answer. A second messenger came and David asked, "Is the young man Absalom safe?"

When the messenger answered, and told him that Absalom was dead David's heart was filled with sorrow, and he wept bitterly.

Lesson 29. Solomon.

Review.

1. In what way did David repay Jonathan for his kindness?

2. What did Absalom possess which distinguished him from the rest of the men of Israel?

3. How did Absalom conduct himself?

4. Where is true beauty found? (In the soul and character of a person.)

5. Was it right for Absalom to try to take the kingdom from his father? Why?

6. What sin did he commit by his rebellion?

7. What was the difference between the people who stayed with their king and those who went out with Absalom?

8. How do people look upon traitors?

9. How was Absalom punished for his wicked acts?

10. In what ways can we show our loyalty to the servants of the Lord today?

You have heard of the beautiful stories about King David, and now I know you will be glad to hear about his son, Solomon, who also became a very great and rich king.

David grew old, and he knew that he would soon die. He knew the people should have another king to rule over them. One of David's sons wanted to be made the king, but the Lord had not chosen him. He had chosen Solomon, and though Solomon was very young, he was made the king over Israel.

One day David invited all the princes and chief men of the land to come to Jerusalem. When they were all together he rose and told them that many years before the Lord had chosen Solomon to be their king. He said the Lord had promised Solomon that if he would obey His commandments he and his sons should always be the kings of Israel.

Then he told the people to keep the commandments of the Lord, that they might always have the good land which the Lord had given them. When he was through talking to the people he turned to Solomon and spoke to him before all the people. He said these beautiful words, "And thou, Solomon, my son, obey the God of thy father, and serve Him with all thy heart; for the Lord looks at the heart and knows all thy thoughts. If thou wilt serve God, He will be thy friend; but if thou turn away from serving Him, He will cast thee off forever."

Solomon now sat on the throne in-

stead of his father, David. The princes and all the great men and all the people served him. He was very young to be a king, but he tried hard to do what was right. He loved the Lord and trusted in Him.

One night, when Solomon was lying asleep, the Lord came and talked to him in a dream. He told Solomon he might have anything he wished for. When the Lord said, "Ask what I shall give thee," Solomon knew what he wanted more than any other thing. He said, "Give thy servant wisdom, that I may know good from bad, and be able to rule well over Thy people, the children of Israel."

The Lord was very much pleased with the answer Solomon gave. He told him that because he had not asked for riches, nor for long life, nor for power over his enemies, He would give him the wisdom he had asked for. And, besides wisdom, He would give him riches and honor more than any other of the kings that had been before him or should come after him. The Lord also promised Solomon that if he would do what was right He would grant unto him long life.

When Solomon awoke out of his dream he was very happy, and went to Jerusalem and made an offering unto the Lord.

As the time went on, Solomon became very great. The people in all the country heard how great and wise Solomon was, and came to see him and to hear his wise sayings. One day, when King Solomon sat on his throne, two women came to him. Each one carried a little baby in her arms. The babies were both little boys, and seemed to be about the same age. But one of the babies was dead. The mothers were both very angry and were quarreling with each other.

One of the mothers went close to the king and said, "O king, this woman and I live in the same house, and we each have a little baby boy. In the night her baby died, because she covered him too much; and when she

woke and found he was dead, she arose and took away my baby, and laid her dead baby in my arms."

"That is not true. The living baby is mine," cried the other mother. And so they quarreled in this way before the king.

How was he to know which one spoke the truth? Nobody out of the house in which these women lived knew the babies apart, and each one said the living baby belonged to her.

Now, Solomon's wonderful wisdom helped him to tell which was the real mother of the living child. He knew that the mother of the living baby loved her child and would let no harm come to it. So he turned to his servant and said, "Go, bring me a sword."

When the servant returned with the sword, King Solomon said, "Divide the baby and give half to one mother and half to the other."

You must not think that Solomon was cruel. No, he wanted to know which of the women was the mother, and he knew that the real mother would not allow her baby to be hurt.

He was right, for one woman cried, "O, do not harm the baby; give him to her." The other woman only bowed her head.

Solomon saw in a moment which mother was filled with love, and he said, pointing to the real mother, "Give her the living baby, and do it no harm." So the true, loving mother had her child safe and well.

When the people heard what Solomon had done they praised him and were willing to serve him, because they knew that the Lord had given him wisdom.

The Lord not only gave Solomon wisdom, but He gave him great riches as well. Solomon built for himself a grand house. He had everything he could wish for. Every year a great many ships went away to far-off lands and came back bringing gold and silver and ivory to him.

There was once a queen who lived in a far-off country called Sheba. She

was very beautiful and very rich. When she heard of Solomon's wisdom and riches she made up her mind to go to Jerusalem and see this wise king. So, with a great many camels loaded with costly spices and with gold and silver, she started for the land where Solomon lived. She took her most beautiful clothes with her that she might wear them in the king's palace.

Many people watched the beautiful queen and the long train of camels slowly making their way to the king's palace. When the queen arrived at the palace the king received her very kindly and made her welcome.

She talked with Solomon and asked him many hard questions. He answered them all, and explained all that she asked him.

When she was taken through his beautiful house, and shown the golden pathway which led to the temple, she was filled with wonder. She was pleased with her visit and gave Solomon many costly presents of gold and precious stones. Solomon in turn gave her many presents. Then she and her servants went back to their own country.

Lesson 30. Solomon's Temple.

(If possible, have a picture of the Temple at Salt Lake to show to the children.)

Review.

1. After David, whom did the Lord appoint king over Israel?
2. What counsel did Solomon's father give him?
3. What gift did King Solomon ask of the Lord?
4. Was that the best gift he could have asked for? What makes you think so?
5. Tell of one occasion on which Solomon exercised the gift of wisdom.
6. By whom was Solomon visited on one occasion?
7. Why did the Queen of Sheba go to visit Solomon?
8. Explain the difference between a wise person and a foolish person.

I hope that every one of you has

either seen or heard of our beautiful temples. One of them, perhaps the most beautiful of them all, is in Salt Lake City. The pioneers had only been in Salt Lake Valley a few days when the prophet, Brigham Young, chose the spot where the temple should be built.

One day, while he was walking with some men, he put his cane down in the ground and said, "Here we will build the temple of our God." The place was then very dry and barren, but now, on that very spot, stands the beautiful Salt Lake Temple.

A few days after the place was chosen the building was started. The people were all very poor then, but they knew that they were doing the will of the Lord, and they had faith in Him and knew that He would help them.

The rock of which the temple is built is light gray in color. It is called granite. (Show the children a little piece of granite.) It was hauled by ox teams from the mountains, about twenty miles from Salt Lake City. Some of the rocks were so large and heavy that it took four yoke of oxen to haul them. The oxen traveled very slowly with their heavy loads. It some times took four days to bring one of these heavy rocks to the city.

The people worked very hard in those early days and saved all the money they could to help build the temple. Often, while they were building it, the work had to stop because the people had no money; but as soon as they could they would begin work again. It took a very long time, but the Saints trusted in the Lord and were patient, and worked hard until the temple was finished.

The temple is longer than it is wide, and on each end there are three great towers. On the middle tower on the east end there is a beautiful gilt statue of the angel Moroni. When the sun is coming up in the morning and going down in the evening its light shines on the statue and makes it look beautiful. Everything about the temple is

very clean, and the place is very quiet. The lawns and flowers are very beautiful in the summer time, and to walk in the temple grounds fills one with beautiful, heavenly thoughts.

The inside of the temple is also very beautiful. There are a great many rooms, and they are furnished with very fine furniture. The carpets and curtains are all the very best, and pictures of many of the Lord's servants hang upon the walls. There are two rooms which are seated with chairs, and it is in these rooms that meetings are held.

After the temple was finished and furnished, many Latter-day Saints came to Salt Lake City. Meetings were held and the temple was dedicated to the Lord, that His work might be done there. The temple is the Lord's house, and only people who are very good are allowed to go into it.

There were a great many people who had died before the Gospel was restored to earth through the Prophet Joseph Smith. These people had not been baptized nor confirmed members of the true Church, and now our fathers and mothers go to the temple and are baptized for them. Is not that grand? And do you not think that our Father in heaven is pleased with His people? Many old people go almost every week to the temple and are made very happy. People who are sick go to the temple, too, and are baptized so that they may get well.

There is a little girl in Salt Lake City who was once very sick. The doctors who went to see her said they did not think she would get well. Her mother and father were good people, who loved the Lord. The little girl's mother took her to the temple many times, and she was baptized and blessed there, and now she is well. She is very happy, and knows that our Heavenly Father made her strong again.

When you girls and boys grow big, if you are good, you will go to the temple to be married, and then you will be

happy, for that is the place where our Father in heaven wants His children to be married.

We are very glad to have our temples, and know that God is pleased with His people when they build them, for He has blessed His people there.

A long, long time ago, when David and Solomon lived upon the earth, the Lord wanted the people to have a temple. David wanted to build it, but the Lord was not willing that he should do it. He told David that He wanted his son, Solomon, to build the temple. The Lord told David just how and where the temple was to be built; and when David was ready to die, he called Solomon to him and told him just what the Lord wanted him to do. Even though David was not going to build the temple, he made ready many stones with which to build it. The Lord also gave Solomon a great deal of gold and silver to use.

Soon after the death of David, Solomon began the great work of building the temple. It was the grandest temple that was ever built. It cost a great deal of money and took many, many men to build it. Every stone of which it was built was made into its proper shape before it was taken to its place in the temple. The sound of a hammer or an ax was not heard in the temple all the time it was being built.

All the inside was covered with wood. This wood was carved and then covered with gold. The floors and door and inside the great porch were all covered with pure gold. A beautiful crimson and purple curtain was hung between two rooms. In different parts of the room King Solomon put precious stones, to make the place more beautiful.

When the temple was finished Solomon called all the people of Israel to Jerusalem, that they might see the beautiful temple. The ten commandments which were written on the tables of stone had been kept all this time, and now the temple of the Lord was built they were taken there.

Solomon rose before all the people and thanked the Lord for helping them. He asked the Lord to bless the people and to answer their prayers

when they prayed in the temple.

The king and all the people made sacrifices to the Lord, and dedicated the temple to Him.

Kindergarten Department.

Robert Lindsay McGhie, Chairman.

OUTLINE FOR OCTOBER.

1—Picture Day. Aim: A forgiving spirit is characteristic of a Godly life.

2—Elijah Fed by Ravens. Text: I. Kings 17:1-6. Aim: The Lord blesses and provides for those who serve Him.

3—Elijah and the Widow of Zarephath. Text: I. Kings 17:7-17. Aim: The same.

4—Elisha and the Woman of Shunem. Text: II. Kings 4:8-17.

OUTLINE FOR NOVEMBER.

1—Picture Day. Aim: The Lord blesses and provides for those who serve Him.

2—The Birth and Childhood of Samuel. Text: I. Samuel 1 and 2. Aim: Thanksgiving and gratitude should be shown in deeds as well as words.

3—The Pilgrims. Aim: The same.

4—The Ten Lepers. Text: Luke 17:11-19.

WORK FOR OCTOBER.

[The work for this month has been prepared by Sister Bertie Walsh, kindergarten supervisor of Davis Stake. Sister Walsh is one of the girls who has enjoyed the opportunity of taking the Sunday School Kindergarten class work at the Brigham Young University. She speaks of this work as follows:]

SUGGESTIVE SONGS:

SONGS AND GAMES:

1. The Birdie's Song, (Walker and Jenks, p. 10).

2. Good-by to the Flowers, p. 45.

3. Where do all the Daisies Go? p. 47.

4. Farewell to the Birds, (Riley and Gaynor, I., p. 66).

5. Little Brown Leaf, (JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Sept., 1910).

6. Autumn Leaves, (Jenks and Rust, p. 46).

7. Clouds of Gray are in the Sky, (Patty Hill, p. 22).

Come Little Leaves, (Walker and Jenks, p. 44).

Chasing the Squirrel, p. 106.

[Play as many of the songs used as possible.]

NATURE WORK SUGGESTIONS:

Preparation for Winter: Ask the children about the mother's work at home; what they are doing? Bottling fruit.

What is the father gathering in for winter? Yes, potatoes, squash, etc.

Who sends the rain and the sunshine to make the fruit grow and ripen; as well as all the vegetables. Yes, our Father in heaven, who has been thinking about us all summer. Call attention to the color of the leaves and their falling from the trees. Why? Bring out the thought of the work done by the leaves before they leave the tree—providing of the leaf bud. This is very nicely told in the story of "The Discontented Oak Leaves," (Sunday School Kindergarten Plan Book, p. 93.)

Nature has provided a way whereby all seeds may be scattered. Some the wind carries; some fasten themselves to our clothing; others the little birds drop; and even dogs, sheep, cows, and horses help to carry these little seed to a resting place, where God will care for them so that they may fulfill their destiny. Show the different kinds of seed and explain how each is carried. Have the children bring specimens to Sunday School; also have them bring seeds in seed-pods.

[For the teacher: Read Jane Andrews Treasure Boxes.]

SUGGESTIVE STORIES:.

1. The Discontented Oak Leaves.
2. The Burdock. (JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, Aug., 1910).
3. Bushy Tail, (S. S. Kindergarten Plan Book, p. 18).

FIRST SUNDAY—PICTURE DAY.

By the use of the picture the teacher is given the opportunity of reviewing the work of the previous month, of impressing its aim and of imparting truths upon the child that he did not get when the lessons were given.

The following are the pictures to be used this Sunday:

Joseph sold by his brothers—No. 229.

Joseph sold into Egypt—No. 2106.

Joseph making himself known to his brethren—No. 2092.

Jacob going to recover his son in Egypt—No. 1919.

Joseph presents his father to Pharaoh—No. 2124.

[The above numbers are of Brown's Pictures.]

SECOND SUNDAY—ELIJAH FED BY RAVENS.

Long, long ago, there lived a people who had become very wicked. They had forgotten God, who had taken such care of them, and they prayed to ugly pieces of stone and wood. These people had a cruel and wicked king, who ruled over them.

One day a very good man named Elijah came among these people.

When Elijah was a little boy his mother had taught him to pray, and had also told him the stories which we know of Joseph and Moses, whom God loved and spoke to. Elijah longed to do something to make these people good again; to make them love God and pray to Him as their fathers had done. But what could he do? He prayed God not to send any rain or dew upon the country. If that happened the people would have no water to drink; the ground would become hard and dry, and no crop could grow. Elijah hoped that when the people were hungry and thirsty they would be sorry for their sins, and pray to God again.

Then God spoke to Elijah. He told him that his prayer was answered. No rain nor dew would fall upon the land until the people turned again to Him. And He told Elijah to go to the king of Israel and tell him of this punishment and what it meant.

Do you think Elijah was afraid to go? He knew that God would be with him so he very fearlessly left his home and journeyed to the palace of the king. (Tell of the king's palace, his throne and mode of dress.)

Elijah said to the king, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be any dew or rain these years but according to my

word." Then he left the palace. But lest the cruel king might blame Elijah for the famine and try to kill him the Lord spoke to Elijah again, and told him to go to a little brook in a lonely place where no one lived, and He would take care of him.

So Elijah found the brook rippling down the hillside and on the soft grass beside it he lay down and went to sleep. The next morning when he woke he heard a strange flapping noise. It came nearer and nearer and soon Elijah saw a flock of black ravens flying over his head. [Explain what ravens are and show picture. Brown Picture of Birds, No. 6336. If a suitable picture can not be had a pencil sketch drawn by the teacher on the black board or on a large piece of paper can be used.] Each one carried something in its beak and as they flew down and lighted beside him, he saw it was food, bread and meat. The ravens dropped the food on the green grass beside him and flew away. It was his breakfast which God was sending.

In the evening the same flapping noise was heard, and again the ravens came flying, and brought bread and meat again for Elijah's supper.

So day after day, and week after week God took care of Elijah, as He had promised He would, the ravens bringing him food and the little brook furnishing him nice, cool water. [See picture of "Elijah Fed by Ravens"—frontispiece.]

THIRD SUNDAY—ELIJAH AND THE WIDOW.

Do you remember Elijah, the good man whom God loved and cared for? how the ravens brought him food day after day and how the little brook gave him water to drink?

But one day he noticed that the brook seemed much shallower and every day after that it grew lower and lower, until there was not enough water to ripple over the stones. When the little brook dried up God spoke to

Elijah again. He told him to go across the country to a little city on the sea-shore and there he would find a woman who would give him food. So Elijah left the brook and journeyed on until he came in sight of the sea. Near it was a little city with a wall around it. Elijah was very hungry and thirsty and tired. Outside of the city gate he saw a poor woman picking up sticks. He called to her and said, "Bring me, I pray thee, a little water that I may drink." The woman turned to get some water, but Elijah called to her again, "Bring me also, I pray thee, a little piece of bread in thy hand." The woman came to him crying and said, "I have no bread only a handful of flour in a barrel, and a little oil in a cruse (bottle); and see, I am gathering these sticks that I may make a fire and bake a cake for my boy and me. After that food is gone we shall die of hunger." "Fear not," said Elijah, "go and make a little cake and bring it to me and God will take care of thee and thy son, for thus saith the Lord God, The barrel of meal shall not waste, neither shall the cruse of oil fail until the day that the Lord sendeth rain upon the earth."

Elijah waited while the woman went to her house. Soon she came back and in her hand was a tiny cake. After Elijah had eaten it he went with her into the house. The boy was there and he watched eagerly to see what he and his mother would have for their supper. The woman went to the barrel from which she had taken the last handful of flour, and what do you think she found? The barrel was filled with nice white meal. She lifted the cruse from which she had poured the last drop of oil, and it was heavy, for it was full of oil. Oh, how happy she was! She made another cake for herself and her hungry boy, and they thanked Elijah and thanked God for sending him to them.

Elijah stayed in the little house with the boy and his mother, and the barrel of meal did not waste, neither did

the cruse of oil fail until rain fell again upon the earth.

Illustration: Gulls of Salt Lake in "Stories To Tell," by Sara Cone Bryant. S. S. Kindergarten Plan Bk., p. 90. The Making of a State—Orson F. Whitney. Visitation of the Quails, One Hundred Years of Mormonism—Evans. Faith Promoting Series.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY—ELISHA AND
THE WOMAN OF SHUNEM.

I am going to tell you of a very good man who lived a long, long time ago. He was a man of God, and he wanted the people to know of God, so that they could do God's will and be blest. You must all listen very closely to his name, it is so much like the name of the man we heard about last Sunday. This good man's name was Elisha. Elisha was so anxious that people should know of God that he traveled from town to town; from city to city; and from country to country, preaching the gospel.

In a little city named Shunem lived a very kind and good woman, and whenever Elisha visited there he stayed with this kind lady and her good husband. One day, after Elisha had visited these people, the woman said to her husband, "Dear husband, I know Elisha is a holy man of God. Let us build a room on our house and put in it a bed, a table, a stool (chair) and a candlestick, so whenever he passes along he may have it for his own." Her husband was very much pleased with the kind plan and said that he would gladly see to the building of the room. So the room was built and a bed, a table, a chair, and a candlestick were put in it. After awhile Elisha returned to the little city of Shunem and to his great surprise and joy, saw what had been done for him. He entered the very pleasant little room and laid his tired body upon the nice, clean bed. When he awoke the next morning, he began to think what

he could do for this dear, kind woman. He called to her and said, "Thou hast been so careful of us with all this care; what is to be done for thee? Wouldst thou be spoken for to the king?" But the good lady answered, "I live among my own people." She loved her own people, and did not care to leave them. After she had left the room, Elisha talked with his companion about what might be done for her. His companion said that the good woman was very sad at times because she had no son. Then Elisha knew what would please her most of all, and he called her back and said to her, "Good woman, you shall be given a son." Oh, she was so happy at the thought of having a little baby boy all her very own, that at first she rather doubted what Elisha had told her. But then she knew if Elisha, the man of God had made her this promise that it was true. And when the spring time came, the Father in heaven sent a little baby boy to live with her, and she was happier than she had ever been before.

SUGGESTIONS:

This lesson can be so nicely illustrated with black board drawings done by the teacher as she tells the lesson. Have drawn on the black board or on a large sheet of paper the house where the woman of Shunem lived. Have it appear as home-like as possible. As the story is told, add the little room on the house showing its interior. As the teacher proceeds with the story, place in the room the bed, the table, the chair and the candlestick. Or the whole picture may be drawn as the story is told. Let the children make a very simple drawing on paper of the bed, the table, etc. Or construct same out of paper.

Illustration: Relate some incident how a missionary, father, brother, or some one with whom the children are acquainted, was provided for while away from home.



The Wolverine.

(*Gulo luscus*).

By *Claude T. Barnes*.

M. S. P. R.; M. B. S. W.; M. A. O. U.

Despiteful, greedy, almost uncanny in its diabolical hindrance of the trapper, the wolverine is unquestionably the curse of the northern woodsman. In fact, according to my esteemed friend, John Burton, a hunter of broad experience in the mountains of Utah, Idaho and Alaska, there is no animal, not even excepting the grizzly bear, that he would not sooner meet face to face than a female wolverine with her young.

The Wolverine,* Glutton, Carcajou, Skunkbear or Quickclatch, as it is variously called, is not very familiar to the ordinary Utah rifleman unless he has camped in the rugged mountains of the northeastern part of the state; but from Idaho up throughout Canada

*Other names: French Canadian, "le Carcajou;" Cre, "Kin-kwa-har-gay-o," or "Okee-coo-haw-gew;" Ojib and Saut, "Kween-go-ar-gay;" Chipewyan, "Nog-gy-ay;" Yankton Sioux, "Skay-cha-Tung-ka."

the animal's work is a constant annoyance to the mountaineer.

"Skunkbear" is a name sometimes given the Wolverine on account of its resemblance in size and color to a cross between a skunk and a bear; though in reality it belongs to the genus *Gulo*, which comprises the largest of the weasel family, a series of stout bear-like animals with bushy tails and short ears.

Being but 36 inches long including a tail of 6 inches, and 12 inches high at the shoulders, an adult wolverine weighs only about 26 pounds; but every ounce seems bent on but two things—gluttony and ferocity.

Both sexes are alike in color, a deep blackish brown, paler and grayer on the crown and cheeks, the throat and chest, however, being a spotted yellowish white. A band of pale chestnut runs from each shoulder and meets at the tail. The claws are whitish horn.

The individual range and endurance of a wolverine are apparent from the fact that one has been known to carry a heavy trap for 6 miles; another followed a hunter's trail for 15 miles and trappers say it will sneak after them for 60 miles to steal bait. Each one roams probably over a fifty-mile square in winter; but the plentifulness of food considerably limits the wanderings of summer.

Near the end of March the species pair, the male afterwards probably assisting with the young as he has been seen rambling with them in October. A large nest of dried leaves is usually made in a cavern already used as a winter refuge. The place is usually quite clean, as wolverines neither store food nor leave garbage in their dens. The young may, however, be born in some sheltered hollow or in a hole dug under a big rock by the mother.

Parturition, following a gestation of 60 days duration, occurs in June, 2 or 3, sometimes 4, but rarely 5 young being born. So bothersome are mos-

quitoes in the summer haunts of the wolverine that scientists have been discouraged in their study of the young. Indians aver that they are white at birth though accurate observations report them to be clad in a dense wool yellowish white, tinged with brownish gray, and with a face mask of brown. All of the adult markings appear in faint outline.

Hunters agree that it is as safe to enter a bear den as to disturb a wolverine with her young. "She is a tigress of ferocity, absolutely fearless, and so strong and quick that a man even armed with a gun is taking risks if he come near.*"

The young are suckled for 8 weeks and fed at home until October, after which the whole family hunt together. There is only one brood a year.

Wondrous stories, uncanny and thrilling, have been told of the wolverine. For instance, it is said that it springs from a tree upon a deer, rides him to death and devours the carcass at a meal. A wolverine, however, rarely climbs, seldom attacks a grown deer and usually eats only what appeals to other carnivora of the same size.

It is nevertheless noted for its "perpetinacious persecutions of the trapper." Indians believe it to be endowed with preternatural powers as it is more destructive to their hoardes than wolves or bears. By constant gnawing, even after its mouth bleeds, a wolverine will sever a log a foot through and cleverly make the cut so that the fall will leave entrance to the cabin. All the meat it can find it carries away, smearing it with a fetid glandular secretion loathsome to other animals. So many tracks are made that its numerous caches are seldom discernible in the snow; and, in fact, a fox is about the only animal with the taste to ferret out the stinking meat.

*Seton.

Lockhart* once hid a skin, he wished to cache, in the snow hanging the carcass near; next morning a wolverine had taken both but neatly recovered the hole in which the skin was buried for a reason known only to itself. Another time, being annoyed by wolverines' eating martens in his traps, he concealed a loaded gun in some bushes near a trap and connected the bait to the trigger with a string. The first night the wolverine smelled the apparatus and left; the next night he went round the gun, cut the string just behind the muzzle and carried the bait away. Thrice the string was tied but each time the wolverine returned and cut it a little back of the previous knot evidently figuring that the tie had something to do with the infernal machine. The matter was so strange that the hunter abandoned the neighborhood.

Another wolverine carried a trap with a hare in it over a mile, ate the rabbit and buried the trap under four feet of snow. If caught itself a wolverine will run on three legs and carry the trap in its mouth.

It is said a hunter may safely leave a carcass for one night but never for two, for on the second visit the wolverine will do away with it all, piece by piece. If the meat is cached and the wolverine cannot pull it out it will smear it with its nauseating excretion. Sometimes it will carry off blankets, guns, knives, axes, kettles, cans and other camping paraphernalia and

hide them; why, nobody knows. It is said, however, that to designate ownership an Eskimo will spit on an object; a fox will give vent to uresthesia; badgers, weasels, and wolverines anoint it with oil from the anal glands and squirrels lick it. It is probable, therefore, that wolverines steal things they cannot eat as a result of this desire to mark with their brand.

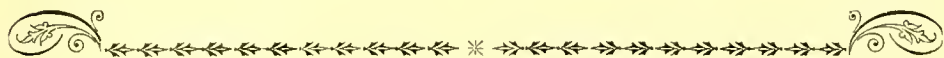
To baffle the wolverine hunters use various methods: some make their cache and cover it with water until it is a frozen mass; some Indians wrap their skins and eatables in birch bark, hang them from a tall limb and fasten sleigh-bells to the bundle; others place the cache in a tree and put a collar of cod hooks around the trunk. All are successful.

Wolverines have notoriously bad eye sight and are the only animals known to shade their eyes with their paws, as does man with his hand. Snowblindness so affects them that they sometimes succumb to its merciless terrors.

A wolverine will face any foe, on four legs and even defy man. If surprised while at a meal it will be shot before giving ground, and even a bear dare not molest it at such a time. Two wolverines and a cinnamon bear once met over a dead elk in Jackson's Hole, Idaho; there was considerable fuss, but the bear finally withdrew.

Meadow mice, rabbits, in fact anything they can capture or steal, enter into the bill of fare of these most destructive and most meddlesome animals in the North American wilds.

*Cones, Fur-bearing Anim., 1877, pp. 52 et seq.



"Parents, keep your word sacred to your children; they notice a broken promise sooner than any one else, and its effect will be as lasting as life."

The Turkey's Foot.

By *Legouve.*

(Translated from the French by R. A. A. R.)

This morning, when my son had to forego an expected pleasure, I said to him:

"I see that you are in need of a lesson I could teach you."

"What about, father?"

"Upon a trait of character that you get from me, alas! And of which I should wish very much to cure you."

"What is it?"

"The story of a little incident of my school life will make you understand. I was ten years old. I was going to school, and each Monday morning I got from my parents the immense sum of fifteen sous, with which I was to buy my breakfast during the week, for the school furnished us only a slice of dry bread.

"One Monday, coming from school, I met a schoolmate (his name I still remember; it was Couture), who had a splendid turkey's foot. I say the foot, and not the leg, for the entire object was made up of what, in my ignorance, I should call a *tibia*, and the four toes. The whole was covered with black skin, shiny and wrinkly, upon which the live turkey walked about as proudly as though he wore laced shagreen boots.

"As soon as my schoolmate saw me, 'Come and see,' he said. 'Come and see.'

"I ran to him. He held his two hands so as to conceal the upper part of the turkey's foot, and by moving his right hand the four toes were made to open and close, like the fingers of a human hand. I stood there stupefied with astonishment. How could that dead foot move itself? How could he make it move? An eighteen-year old youth, who goes to the theatre and watches the development of the most marvelous drama, gives no more fixed attention and is not more charmed as he bends his head forward, than was

I before that turkey's foot. Each time the four toes opened and closed, my eyes were dazzled. I believed I was witnessing a miracle.

"When my schoolmate, who was older and more cunning than I, saw my enthusiasm come to this point, he put that wonder in his pocket and left. I went away, too, but I kept thinking about that foot, and seeing it before my eyes like a vision.

"If I had it,' I said to myself, 'I could soon learn the way to make it move; Couture is no magician. Then what great sport it would be!'

"I waited no longer, but ran and found Couture.

"Give me your foot,' I said to him, in a most pleading tone, 'I do pray you!'

"My foot! Give you my foot! Go along with you!'

"His refusal only made my desire stronger.

"You do not wish to give it to me?"

"No."

"Well, then, sell it to me."

"Sell it to you? For how much?"

"I began to count the money I had in my pocket, the money for my week.

"I will give you five sous for it," said I.

"Five sous! A foot like that! You must think I am a fool!" And taking the precious object, he began to dazzle my eyes with that conjurer's trick.

"Well, then, I will offer you ten sous."

"Ten sous, ten sous!" he took me up scornfully. "But look now"—and the four toes kept opening and closing.

"At last I said, tremulously, 'How much will you take?'

"Forty sous or nothing."

"Forty sous?" cried I, "Forty sous! Nearly three weeks of breakfasts! The idea!"

"All right. Just as you say."

"The foot disappeared in his pocket, and off he went again.

"But I followed. 'Fifteen sous,' I begged.

"'Forty,' he replied.

"'Twenty sous, then!'

"'Forty.'

"'Twenty-five sous!'

"'Forty.'

"Oh, that Couture! How much he had learned in his short life! How well he understood the human heart! Each time that the terrible word *forty* fell on my ears, it made me give way a little. Two minutes more, and I did not realize what I was doing.

"'Well, then, forty,' cried I, 'Give it to me.'

"'Give me first the money,' he returned.

"I put in his hand the fifteen sous for my week, and he made me write him a note for the twenty-five remaining. Oh, the scoundrel! He was a shrewd business man at thirteen years. Then, at last he took the cherished object from his pocket.

"'There you are,' he said.

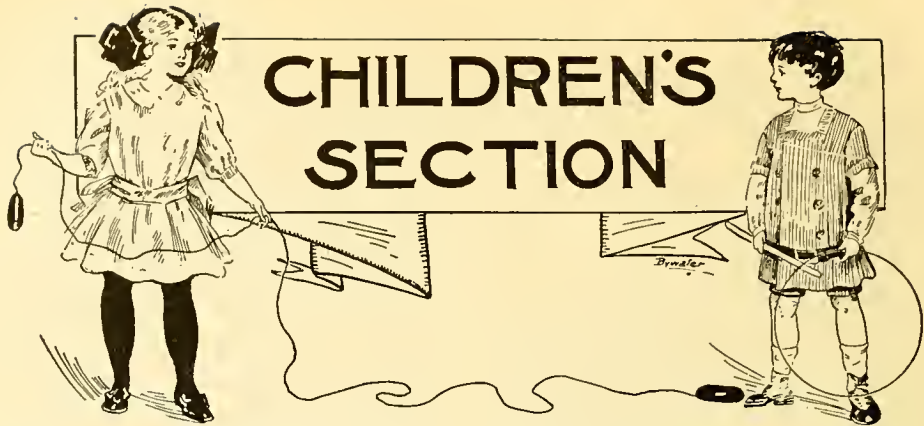
"I went to work upon the foot immediately. In two seconds, as I had foreseen, I found out the secret, and pulled the tendon which served as a bell rope, almost as well as Couture himself. For two minutes I was foolishly amused; after that, I was amused less; after three minutes it amused me very little; after four, it amused me no more at all. I kept pulling the tendon, as I wished to have interest on my money, I suppose. But I became dissatisfied. Then came sadness, then regret, then the prospect of three weeks breakfasts on dry bread,

then the feeling of my stupidity. All this changed little by little to bitterness, then anger, and after ten minutes, with veritable hatred, I threw the object of my love over a wall in order to be rid of it for good."

"Remembrance of this comes often since I am older than ten, and more often since I am reminded by my own child of the turkey's foot. That impetuosity of desire, that impatience with everything that would stand in the way of gratification, that foolish lack of foresight, that power of illusion, equal only, alas! to the power of disillusion, all these traits of character have awakened in me a thousand times—what can I say? They come back whenever a passion takes hold of me. Oh, we do not study our children enough! We consider their feelings as childish or puerile. Nothing is puerile in the human soul. The child never dies entirely in the man, and what is puerile today may be terrible or blamable tomorrow. The passions are different, but the heart where they grow is the same. And the better way to guide a youth aright is to have observed with care the boy of ten. Thus the turkey's foot has served me well. Twenty times in my life, in the midst of some foolish procedure, this remembrance has come to me. 'Will you then be always the same?' I asked myself. Then I begin to laugh, which stops me short. There is nothing so advantageous as to laugh at yourself from time to time.

Turning to my son, I said: "This story shows that sons sometimes resemble their fathers."

~~~~~\*~~~~~  
 Nothing is easier than fault-finding; no talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business.—Robert West.  
 ~~~~~\*~~~~~



An Answer to Little Jimmie's Prayer

Our little Jimmie is not little Jimmie now, but has long since grown to manhood and has many children of his own, and other lips begin to lisp the loving title of Grandpa.

Jimmie's mother was a widow, and with her family of little ones crossed the plains in the early Pioneer days with ox teams.

After arriving in the valley, and when Jimmie was about seven years old—he went to work for a man who was very strict in the government of children, and was given to excessive use of the rod for any little error that might be committed by the children. Among the duties given to Jimmie was the care of a few ewes and lambs which were taken to graze on the unoccupied land in the neighborhood and were carefully counted every night by the owner before they were put in the pen. If any were missing a severe whipping was in store for Jimmie.

It happened on one Saturday evening, when the sheep were ready for the pen and were being counted as usual, two of the lambs were missing. The expected whipping was not given, but a promise that if the lambs were not found before breakfast it should be extra severe. This promise so worked on the mind of the little boy that he was up at break of day and away to the herd ground in search of the lambs. After having gone over all

the ground where the sheep had been the previous day and not finding them, Jimmie began to feel very despondent, for he knew the promised whipping would surely be given.

After Jimmie had given up in despair and was about to return to the house, he came to a patch of willows, and looking through the willows without finding them, the thought came to him to ask the Lord where they were. Now, Jimmie had never prayed all alone before, but he determined to do so now. So he went a little further into the willows, knelt down, took off his old hat and laid it beside him, and burst into tears and sobbed and cried as if his heart would break. Between his sobs he told the Lord that he had lost two lambs and if he did not find them the man for whom he worked was going to whip him severely, and he asked the Lord to show him where the lambs were. After this short prayer he arose with a light heart and went out of the willows fully expecting to see the lambs. After standing for a few moments, with no sign of the lambs, he began to feel very sad.

Just then he saw something a long way off flying through the air. As soon as he saw it he said to himself, "That will go to the lambs." He carefully watched the flying object. It passed by him and went for some distance and fell to the ground. Jimmie started for the spot (nearly a quarter of a mile away) and there, side by

side, lay the lambs, which were soon returned to their mothers.

Jimmie has often thought of this answer to his prayer and it taught him that the Lord would hear and answer the prayers of children if they would ask aright.—C. W. Rockwood.

What They Saw at the Zoo.

By Florence L. Lancaster.

'A POOR BOHEMIAN.

Turning a corner at the end of the Black Bears' dens, the cousins came to a large cage in front of which a crowd was gathered. Peering amongst the crowd was seen a large Brown Bear, of singularly unkempt appearance, who opened his mouth to receive a varied shower of broken biscuit, bun and sweets, meanwhile continually dancing with labored mein. Mildred caught sundry remarks from amongst the spectators:—

"Poor thing! Look where the fur's been chafed from his face and neck or branded with hot irons!"

"They say he keeps on dancing just the same in the middle of the night."

"A shame if they ever let that wretch have him back." Such were the remarks heard. Mildred managed to glean the Brown Bear's Story from a keeper.—A fortnight ago it had been the property of a man who drove it through the streets all day "to perform," until the owner was arrested for grossly abusing it. The man was now in jail, and the poor Bear had

meanwhile been brought to the Zoo for lodgment.

SOME OF THE GREAT CAT RACE.

Now they wended towards the Lion House. At four o'clock the great Felines would be fed, and the boy and girl chatted of the exciting event it would be.

First they came to a number of cages where other specimens of the *Genus Felis* were kept. A lithe creature handsomely marked with black spots and zig-zags or "open roses" on a buff background was pacing with fierce restlessness about the cage.

"Look, Owen, at this untameable tiger," remarked Mildred.

"Why Mildred, that's not a tiger," chuckled Owen, but a Jaguar. A Tiger is striped."

Owen's previous visits to the Zoo, together with his careful reading of the Natural History, illustrated by cuts, had impressed him with this difference. In the next cage was what Mildred at first took for another Jaguar, but Owen again observed that it was a Leopard. There was indeed a close resemblance, but the Leopard was smaller than the Jaguar, and a close inspection revealed a certain difference in their markings. The Leopard also was restlessly pacing the cage to and fro. Mildred noticed the grey brooding eyes of the creature, like the smoke of a pent-up fire. Much she wished that she could transport both Jaguar and Leopard to their native jungles, and whisper to them the magic word "Liberty."

Adjoining was a buff-coated Animal with black pointed ears,—the Caracal, which Owen afterwards read was "known by the ancients as the Lynx." In another cage was a lithe Animal whose tawny coat was beautifully marked with black stripes and rings. This was the Ocelot. The two were fascinated in watching its graceful sudden movements as it sprang to a shelf



Riding the Elephant.

or turned in the straw that was about the cage.

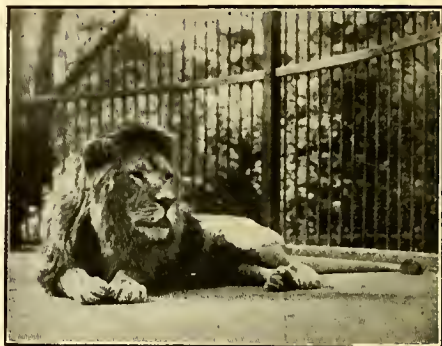
Both young people found these rare Felines extremely interesting. There was another specimen which Mildred involuntarily addressed as "Puss," so much did it resemble an enlarged, alert Tabby. This was the Serval, or African Lynx. The background of its coat like that of the rest of the Genus, was buff or tawny, with black stripes about the back, ears and head. The length of its back was about half a yard, and its height about the same. Its Cat-like appearance, especially the head, was borne out by its behavior, for it curled its handsome tail, pricked up its ears, and rubbed its flank about the cage as if for a caress. Mildred offered the Serval "Puss" some biscuit which it complacently ate.

THE LION-HOUSE.

They had now reached the Lion House, where extensive accommodation was given not to Lions only, but also to Tigers and Pumas, amongst which were some more Jaguars and Leopards. The roomy dens or cages here were railed enclosures open to the air, each connected by a sliding door with an inner compartment, the spectator's view of the inner space being obtained by entrance to a long glass-roofed building. The Animals who lodged here were at present some of them in the garden, while others had retired to the seclusion of the "back-parlor." The railed outer spaces were fitted with tree-stumps and brick contrivances for the Animals to climb. In one of these, ledges at either end were both occupied by full-grown Sumatra Tigers. The Animals were back to back, in parallel positions of recumbency, and looked so like statues of Tigers on pedestals that the effect was startling, until one of them dropped his tail. Mildred now saw the difference presented by the Tiger's decisive stripes to the semi-rings and spots of the Leopard and the Jaguar, and would not be likely to confuse them again.

THE LIONS THEMSELVES.

Amongst all the Animals, Mildred found that her completest admiration was impelled by the Lion. Endowed with the Cat's own grace, and adroit strength in all his movements, the embodiment of resistless daring, how beautiful was the *Lion* with the elegant proportions of the supple limbs, the tawny hide reminding of sun-ripened wheat, and the darker shaded mane



The Lion.

suggesting a Viking's hair. Together with the noble poise of the dauntless head, the eyes of the King of Beasts held Mildred spell-bound. Hazel eyes with black pupils, mild but intense, wondrously intense, like a luminous lake burning with cavern depths of fire. One noble male Lion had eyes that seemed to Mildred as the orbs of a great Tragic Poet or a Sublime Prophet.

In one of the railed enclosures were three large Lions romping together like Kittens. They climbed the tree-stumps, playfully bit each others' tails, and one of them lay on his flank in wanton grace of limb and movement. So docile he looked, benign even out of his hazel eyes, that it seemed impossible to realize how such a creature had figured with "gory mane" in scenes of long-ago when pagan Rome had rung with the ferocious cry of "Christians to the Lions." As the day wore on, however, Mildred had opportunity to see the wilder nature of the Animal asserted.

In a cage at the back was a half-grown Lion Cub, beguiling its solitude with a battered wooden ball. A touch of the paw set the toy in motion, rumbling as it rolled; the young Lion then gave a low growl and a spring, to catch the moving object, setting it a-roll again with a harder touch.

A LOOK AT THE REPTILES.

Some time still remained before the prescribed hour for the Lions to be fed. Our friends in the meanwhile proposed a visit to the Reptile-House. Lively little gold and silver Fish, with fins delicate as a Fairy's wand, were swimming beneath green weeds in tanks. Adjoining them were housed various specimens of Snakes, amongst them the largest known. There were Boa-Constrictors and Cobras, in a dead torpor, or moving with a writhing motion along the sandy floor. Mildred had heard and read of the deadly effects of these; they seemed, however, insignificant in comparison with portentous creatures in glassed compartments alongside. These latter were the Pythons. Yard upon yard of thick muscular body coiled in tanks, or wrapped around the stumps of lifeless trees. Owen said that "it would be a sight worth a foot-ball match" to see one of the Pythons fed upon a live Goat. Mildred shuddered, and was glad to get out of the tepid atmosphere in which the Reptiles were kept.

HOW THE LIONS WERE FED.

It now wanted but twenty minutes to the hour at which the larger Carnivorous Animals were fed, and the couple retraced their steps toward the long glass-roofed Lion House. What a change in the aspect of the creatures there as their dinner-hour approached! The native ferocity of these wild captives now showed itself. Lions and Tigers were pacing their cages, leaping from side to side as though they would escape the bars. Leopards were writhing on the saw-dust floor in an

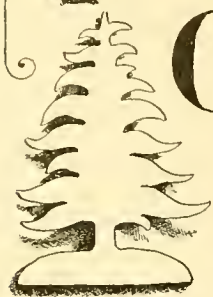
agony of expectant hunger. They got only one meal a day, poor brutes, as it was necessary in captivity to keep them, though fed regularly, rather under fed. The eyes of the Lions now glowed like coals of fire. Now and then a thunderous roar resounded, which excited in turn the shrill yell of the Jaguar. At length was heard the sound of truck-wheels, at which the excitement of the beasts grew to fury. A hand-cart trundled by a keeper was laden with the day's allowance of meat, in pieces that ranged from about fourteen pounds. The keeper passed from cage to cage, loosened a lower bar, and thrusting in the meat with a prong, at the first sign of which the ravenous beast put out a clutching paw through the narrow opening. In most cases the meat was first lovingly licked with the rough red tongue, and bones were heard to crunch beneath Lions' teeth. Mildred thought again of the Martyrs of yore, the grim spectacle in the mighty Coliseum, and hummed under her breath: "Who follows in their train?"



(TO BE CONTINUED.)



























Ready for Sunday School.


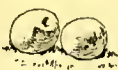

PINKY-WINKY STORIES








CLIP, clap! went the , and out came a Pinky-Winky Pine-tree. "The Pinky-Winky ,






"said Uncle Billy, "grew at the edge of the orchard near the  where lived the four little Bells. There were two  and a  and a , and they all came out to play every day with their  and their  and their  and their . And the  loved the children, but it told all its thoughts to its friend the wise Crow. Now one day Bessie Bell cried out, 'Cherry-time is coming! I love  !' 'Oh, dear me!' said the Pinky-Winky  'I wish I might bear  for  !' 'Every tree cannot bear , 'said the wise  . 'Caw, caw!' So cherry-time came and Bessie filled her  with , but the  had none to give. And another day Bonny Bell cried out, 'Peach-time is coming! I love  !' 'Oh, dear me!' said the Pinky-Winky  . 'I wish I might bear  for  !' 'Every tree cannot bear , 'said the wise  . 'Be content!' So





peach-time came, and Bonny filled her  with , but the  had none to give. And another day Bobby Bell cried out 'Apple-time is coming!





I do love ! 'Oh, dear me!' said the Pinky-Winky . 'I do wish I might bear  for Bobby!' 'Every tree cannot bear , said the wise . 'Caw, caw!' So apple-time




came and Bobby filled his  with , but the  had none to give. 'Now summer is over,' it said, 'and I have given the children nothing!' 'Be content!' laughed the wise . And one cold day out came the  again, singing and shouting. 'We must have pine-cones for the winter fires!' they cried.

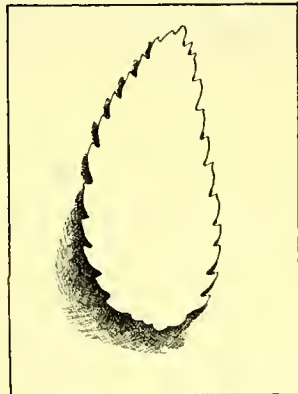
'Here they are!' cried the Pinky-Winky .

And it dropped a big pine-
 right at the baby's feet ---

like this." Snip, snap! went the , and there was the big pine-cone. "So the children filled their

their , said Uncle Billy, "and went away singing. 'I

gave them pine-!' sang the happy little . 'What did I tell you?' said the  'Caw, caw!'"



The Children's Budget Box.

[The Budget Box this month contains verses written by the pupils of the Mount Pleasant Schools, Utah. They are selected from a booklet issued by Mr. P. A. Nielsen, District Supervisor, and the collection is of such merit that we regret our space will not permit as to use more of them.]



By Vera Larsen, Spring City, Utah.

A Lesson.

Little Ned should go to bed,
Without his supper, too!
And then he'll learn to take his turn
As other children do.

—*Flora Naef.*

Dear Little Babe.

Dear little babe with eyes of blue,
And curls of sunset gold,
Lips wreathed in smiles the whole day
through,
Have a beautiful nature told.

Two little tripping, pattering feet
That never weary of play,
Two little hands making life sweet
For mother the whole long day.

—*Roanna Larsen.*

The Robin.

What voice is that in spring we hear,
Whose notes sound merrily and clear?
It is the robin red-breast's mirth
That brings good tidings to the earth.

All nature at the dawn is still,
But then a voice sounds up the hill,
It wakens creatures great and small,
With joyous notes that mark his call.

—*Flossie Staker.*

Blue Birds.

The blue birds twitter a song of spring,
As they fly o'er the land abroad,
They make the woodlands echo and ring,
And the pussy willows nod.

Beneath the willows in the deepest shade,
Where a bright, cool spring bubbles out;
The blue birds there a nest have made,
And they flutter round about.

—*Eula Jorgenson.*

Winter's Approach.

The birds are flying southward,
The leaves are falling down,
The harvest days are over,
The fields are turning brown.

The days are getting shorter,
The nights are getting cold;
Winter will soon be coming,
Its snowy mantle to unfold.

—*Dolores Hansen.*

Autumn.

The dreary Fall has come again
With its leaves of gold and brown,
Driving the birds from dale and glen,
And its gentle breezes calling down.

Chilling the flowers that bloomed in May,
And rocking the frolicking brooklet to
sleep,
Taking the bright summer sun away,
Lulling all Nature into slumber deep.

—*Nada Zabriskie.*

Snowflakes.

Tiny little snowflakes,
Flying here and there,
Falling on the house-tops,
Floating in the air.

Pretty little snowflakes,
Dancing one by one,
Sparkle just like diamonds,
In the winter sun.

—*Mildred Wambolt.*

Busy Bees.

Oh, ever singing, busy bee,
 Buzzing through yon blooming tree,
 Awake the flowers and sip to dew—
 Sweets of the meadow are waiting for you.

You merry, humming little fellow,
 Decked with coat of brown and yellow—
 Life is always sweet to you,
 Though hearts be sad and skies ne'er blue.

Have you asked the daisy for the treasure?
 She'll surely yield with graceful pleasure.
 So hasten on your sunny way
 And gather stores for winter's day.

—*Ila Larsen.*

COMPETITION NO. 18.

Book prizes will be awarded for the best contributions of the following:

Verses: Not more than twenty lines.
 Stories: Not more than three hundred words.
 Photographs: Any size.

Rules.

Competition will close Oct. 1st.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box,
 Juvenile Instructor, 44 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

The Puzzle Page.

Answers to Puzzles.

The correct answer to the Government Pathways puzzle by Katie Tree, is as follows: The squares are filled with counties of Utah in the following order: Summit, Juab, Tooele, Wasatch, Garfield, Cache, Kane, Wayne, Carbon, Iron, Washington and Emery. The letter path shown in the July number spells *Utah*, and the number path spells *Salt Lake City*.

We received only three correct answers to this puzzle, as follows:

Sarah Sumsion, Chester, Utah.
 Alice Harmon, St. George, Utah.
 Lora E. Creer, Lund, Idaho.

The answer to the charade by E. J. Powell is LOVE. We have received no correct answers.

Answer to Five Letter Word Puzzle by Rulon P. Bennion.

| | | |
|-------|-------|-------|
| (1) | (2) | (3) |
| PEACE | NITER | CARAT |
| ERROR | INURE | AZOTE |
| ARENA | TUBES | ROBIN |
| CONES | ERECT | ATILT |
| ERASE | RESTS | TENTS |

No correct answers received.

The answer to Angus Bennion's word puzzle is ANNOUNCEMENT.

We received one correct answer from Attella Jenkins of Rigby, Idaho.

DECAPITATIONS.

(By Edna Swenson, Montpelier, Idaho.)

To behead, take off first letter of the correct word.

1. Behead a plant and leave an animal.
2. Behead a condition of a tool and leave a musical instrument.
3. Behead a small cake and get a high class work.
4. Behead a labor and get a liquid.
5. Behead a word which means to empty, and get means of irrigation.
6. Behead a small wheel and get a flower.
7. Behead an animal and get a preposition.
8. Behead a word which means not prompt, and get a height.
9. Behead a mollusk and get an article used in building.
10. Behead a piece of furniture and get a word which means to have strength to do.

For the best ten answers to the above puzzle, we will award appropriate books.

Answers must be in before October 1, 1911.

Address: Puzzle Editor, JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, 44 E. South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

In Jocular Mood.

Wanted a Change.

Johnny—"Mama, I wish I had a little sister."

Mama—"Why do you wish that, dear?"

Johnny—" 'Cause I'm tired of teasin' the cat."—Catholic News.

Philosophic.

He—"Whenever I borrow money I go to a pessimist."

She—"Why?"

He—"Because a pessimist never expects to get it back again."—Winnipeg Tribune.

Knicker—"What is a swimming-hole?"

Bocker—"A body of water entirely surrounded by boys."—Christian Register.

On Second Washing.

"I've just washed out a suit for my little boy—and now it seems too tight for him."

"He'll fit it all right, if you'll wash the boy."—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Climate.

"O, yes, we have a wonderful climate," said the man from southern Texas. "Why, only last season we raised a pumpkin so large that, after sawing it in two, my wife used the halves as cradles in which to rock the babies."

"Yes," replied the man from New York; "but in my state it's a common thing to find three full-grown policemen asleep on one beat."

Not a Requisite.

"And do you have to be called in the morning?" asked the lady who was about to engage a new girl.

"I don't has to be, mum," replied the applicant, "unless you happens to need me."—Yonkers Statesman.

Only His Past Life Tainted.

"But why does your father object to me?" demanded the humble suitor.

"Because," explained the haughty beauty of proud lineage, "Papa says his ancestors have always been gentlemen of leisure, and you have to work for a living."

"Well, tell him I don't expect to after we are married," replied the humble suitor.—Philadelphia Record.

Truthful Spouse.

"Where am I?" the invalid exclaimed, waking from the long delirium of fever and feeling the comfort that loving hands had supplied. "Where am I—in heaven?"

"No, dear," cooed his wife; "I am still with you."—Toledo Blade.

A New Way to Listen.

They evidently were spending their first night at the concert, and the young man was telling the young lady all about it. They talked loudly, for the young man was trying to make an impression on all within a ten-foot radius. He always anticipated the performers, and finally held his hand to his mouth as he said in an undertone:

"Deary, did you ever try to listen to music with your eyes closed? It's heavenly."

Whereupon a man two rows behind leaned forward and said:

"Young man, try it with your mouth shut. It'll be a relief."

Awful Prospect.

"We got forty-eight wedding presents."

"You're lucky."

"We are not. Every one came from friends who are engaged to be married."—Toledo Blade.

The Brute.

"John, I listened to you for half an hour last night, while you were talking in your sleep."

"Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Incendiary Remarks.

"Where are you going in such a hurry, old man?"

"I'm going to consult a lawyer about having my wife indicted for making incendiary speeches."

"You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do. She insists on my getting up and starting a fire every morning."

Making Use of Him.

Lady (to tramp who had been commissioned to find lost poodle)—The poor little darling, where did you find him?

Tramp—Oh, a man 'ad 'im, miss, tied to a pole, and was cleaning the windows wiv 'im!—M. A. P.

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COTTON GARMENTS.

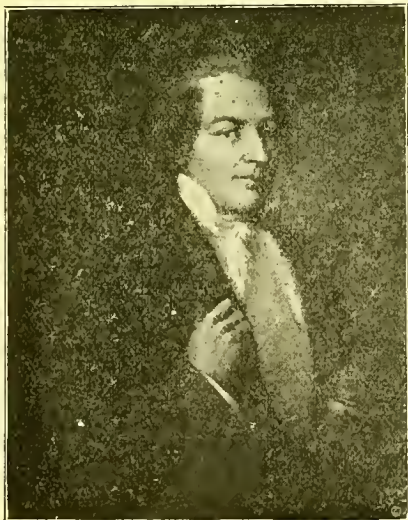
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| No. 57—Unbleached, excellent material | Our Price | \$1.00 |
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| No. 111—Unbleached, fleece lined..... | Our Price | 1.40 |
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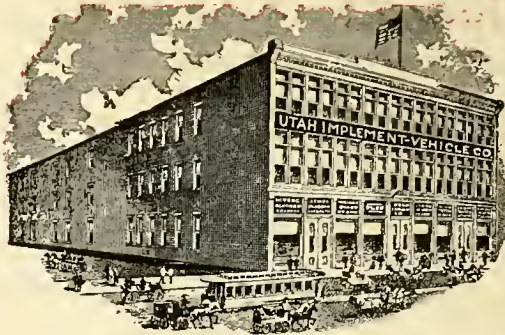
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